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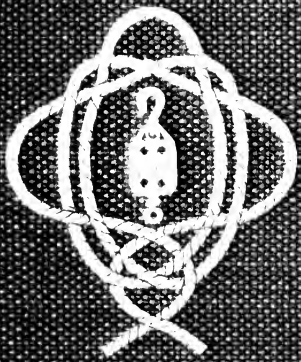
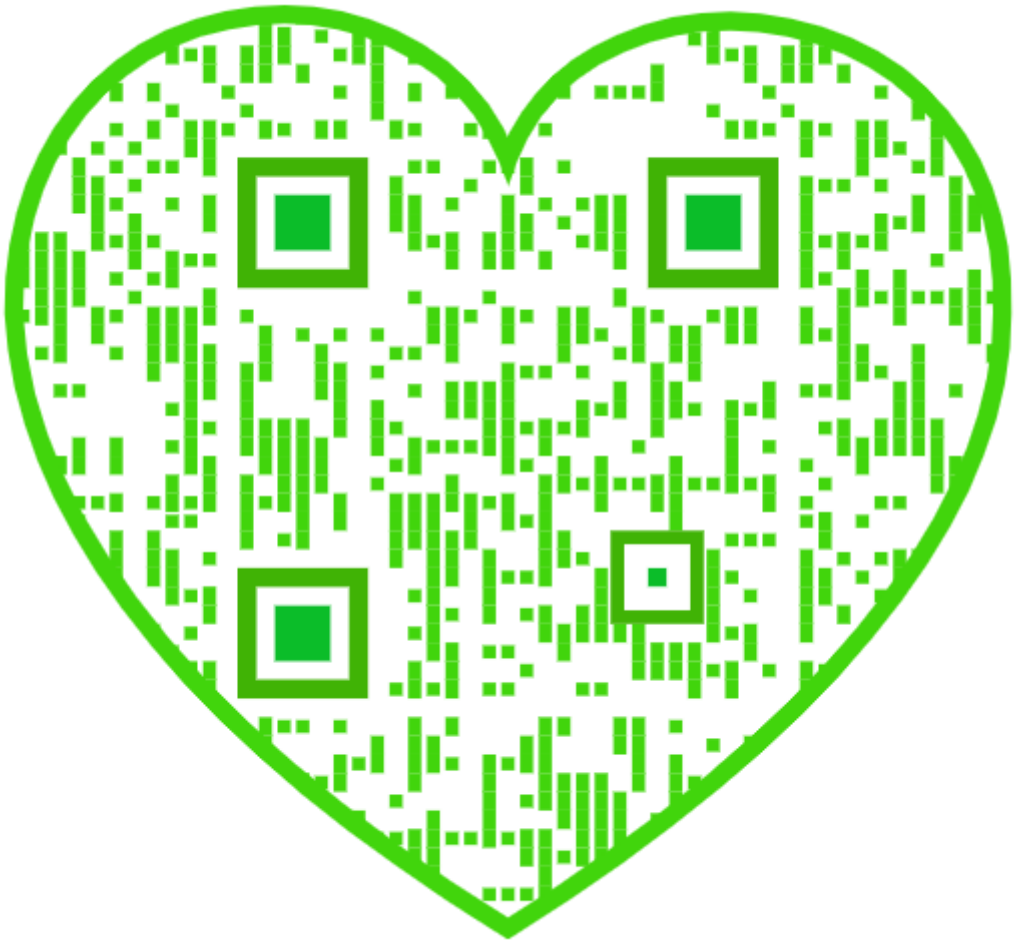


Southward in Roamer



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Southward in Roamer

Being a Description of the Inside Route
from New York to Florida

BY

H. C. ROOME

(Reprinted from The Rudder)

NEW YORK AND LONDON:
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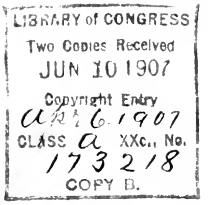

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INTRODUCTION

THIS lucid and intelligent description of the inside passage from New York to Florida was written for *The Rudder* by Mr. H. C. Roome, a gentleman who has frequently made the trip in his yacht Roamer. The value of a narrative of this kind is apparent to those who have made the passage without any guide except the excellent charts furnished by the Government. While they are essential to proper navigation, there is a deal of information that they do not give, and which is conducive to safe and comfortable voyaging. But while the yachtsman in making this passage will undoubtedly be greatly aided by Commodore Roome's narrative, he must not fail to provide himself with a full set of charts and such other publications as will be of service. By paying attention to Commodore Roome's remarks, and following the course on the chart, no man will have any difficulty in making this long voyage.

EDITOR.

Southward in Roamer

MANY of my yachting friends, intending to cruise in Southern waters, have asked me to give them pointers on the route. The friends are so many, and the pointers so numerous in the hundreds of miles stretching between New York and Cape Florida, that it would be a difficult matter to oblige each one separately.

The Roamer, on which this trip is taken, is 68 feet in length over all, 61 feet length water-line, 12 feet breadth, and when stored up with 350 gallons of water and 600 gallons of gasolene has a draught of 4 feet 8 inches when at rest, and 5 feet 6 inches when running at full speed. She is equipped with a four-cylinder 40-h.p. Globe engine, electric lights, including 2000-c.p. searchlight. Electricity is furnished by a 3-k.w. dynamo, and 40-cell storage battery, so installed that by turning a switch in one direction the dynamo becomes a generator storing the battery cells, and by throwing it in the opposite direction the dynamo becomes a motor driving the engine by means of the storage battery, or both electrical and gasolene power may be used in conjunction. She is schooner-rigged with leg-o'-mutton sails, masts being

hinged so that they may be quickly lowered on deck to pass under bridges. Steering wheels on deck and in pilothouse; full cabin trunk divided into four compartments, pilothouse, saloon, bathroom and engine room; sleeping accommodations for six persons forward, and three for crew aft. Crew consists of mate, engineer and steward, who also acts as cook. Cost of running the yacht, including wages, living expenses, fuel and necessary repairs during the year, is about $400 per month. Ordinary speed, ten statute miles per hour, maximum 10½ without sail power.

In ordinary seasons the best time to start on a cruise of this kind is between the middle and last of September, so as to reach Beaufort, N. C., the end of the first inside run, 595 miles (all distances are given in statute miles), about the first of October. At this time the Southerly and Westerly winds which are prevalent during the Summer months on the Southern coast are beginning to change, and during the transition the winds are for the most part light Northerly and Easterly, with smooth outside seas. The hurricane season is practically over, and in the ports you enter any belated hurricane will be promptly prognosticated. By starting thus early in the season you have an opportunity of making a few side trips, Baltimore, Washington and Richmond, although it is better to defer making these until you return in the following Spring, when one is apt to hurry North too rapidly, and run into cold and disagreeable weather, rendered doubly cold and disagreeable by the contrast of a sunny Winter South.

Before leaving New York impress upon the mind of the steward the absolute necessity of boiling every drop of water used for drinking purposes. Spring or distilled water cannot always be obtained, and the sooner that all hands settle down to the practice of drinking boiled water cooled with ice, the better it will be for the health of all concerned. Obtain also two or three vials of gelatine coated pills representing Warburg tincture in fluid drachms. After passing Norfolk, take one of these at each meal, and keep it up until you have passed through the swamps, marshes and rice fields of the Carolinas and Georgia. By adopting these simple precautions there is no reason why good health may not be enjoyed during the whole trip. The writer has made seven successive trips in as many years, and no person aboard has suffered in the least from malarial fever, although we were passing day after day through sections where twenty per cent of the population were afflicted with it.

Thus equipped the Roamer on a sunny afternoon, September 23, 1903, passed from Morris Heights, through the Harlem River into the Hudson. Favored by the first of the ebb tide, we made rapid progress down the river to Robins Reef, and thence through Staten Island Kills to Perth Amboy. Rounding the Great Beds Light, leaving it to starboard 100 yards, we picked up the first black spar buoy, and then headed directly for the draw in the railroad bridge which spans the Raritan River. Here really begins the first stage of our inland journey, and as the Raritan is typical in many respects of many a Southern river which we shall navigate, it will be well to pause for a moment to study its characteristics, for upon

the information thus obtained much of our success in navigating Southern waters will depend. The river is a tortuous one, full of sudden bends, flowing through a series of marshes. The most important thing necessary to successful navigation in Southern rivers is to know which way the ebb tide flows. I imagine I see a smile of derision upon the faces of some of my readers as they read this. "Why, any fool ought to know that the ebb tide always flows in one direction! Toward the sea, of course!" But many of the rivers we shall traverse have two or more outlets to the sea, and the problem is to discover the predominant direction of ebb flow in each. This is not so easy to determine, particularly, as in our journey South we shall have to traverse as many as twenty-five different rivers and sounds in a single day. In this, the initial stage of our journey, it would be time wisely spent to go up this river slowly at low tide and closely observe the manner in which bars and shoals are formed at each bend of the river. Notice how the swift ebb, flowing down a short, straight reach, keeps on its straight course when approaching a bend in the river, and impinges against the opposite bank, cutting it away, scouring out the bottom, and making deep water there. Repulsed by this bank, the current is forced diagonally toward the opposite shore, and a part of the sand washed from this bank is caught by the eddy formed just below the point, and deposited there, forming a shoal extending out from and just below the point. Hence in ascending this stream you must avoid points, and favor the opposite shore until abreast the point. In descending, favor the points until nearly abreast of them, and then head

for the opposite side of the river before turning. Usually these shoals can be detected by a glassy appearance of the water and the edges of the shoal encircled with bubbles and slight foam. Once thoroughly posted in these peculiarities, the navigation of Southern rivers becomes a comparatively easy matter.

Passing through the drawbridge over the Raritan, on either side, we head for a sandy point on the starboard shore, beyond which is another drawbridge for foot passengers and teams. Passing through this, we follow in the bend on the starboard shore until past a black buoy, leaving it on port hand, then haul in close to the wharves. Keeping about 200 feet away, we follow this shore past the wharves. Above these the river is dyked. Follow starboard dyke around the bend, and when it ends take middle of stream, avoiding points and taking care not to run too deeply into the bends. About a mile above Sayresville, which is an extensive brick-making establishment on port bank, the South branch of the Raritan enters, and this is often mistaken for the main branch of the river. This branch enters the river on the port hand.

In fact, every stream which would be liable to lead one astray, enters on the port side, and a sure guide will be to follow the starboard bank of the river. New Brunswick will open out suddenly after rounding a bend, and after sighting it you will observe ahead on the port hand a high wooded cliff with steep slate rock sides in a bend in the river. Stand into this bend and follow this shore up to and along the dock up to the lock of the Delaware and Raritan Canal. To a person of ordinary sailing ability, the Raritan is easily navigable, and a pilot is superfluous.

At ordinary stages of water it has at least a depth of eight feet at low tide. Rise and fall of tides, about five feet, at least. It is best to pass through the lock and tie up above it near an ice and coal dock about an eighth of a mile above. The lock tender will point it out to you. Opposite the icehouse dock, which is just above some piles and a small green island in the canal, is a sunken raft about twenty feet out from the dock, so it is better to tie up to the coal dock just above it. Ice, coal and provisions can be procured most handily here. The Delaware and Raritan Canal connects the Raritan with the Delaware River. It is forty-four miles long, and has thirteen locks. The locks East of Trenton are ascending ones. Those West of Trenton descending. Maximum draught allowed, 7 feet; length of locks, 210 feet; width of locks, 23 feet 4 inches. All bridges are draws excepting the railroad bridge at New Brunswick. Speed limit allowed through canal, four and a half miles per hour; rates of toll for yachts of fifty feet and under, five dollars; above fifty feet, ten dollars. We passed through the lock, and heading for our old tying-up place, narrowly escaped running upon the sunken raft spoken of. Here we tied up for the night, at 5:20 p. m., the distance from Spuyten Duyvil being fifty miles. Distance from Raritan drawbridge to New Brunswick lock, 12 miles. The next morning we were awake at daylight, intending to reach Bordentown, and possibly Philadelphia, before dark. The sky was clear, the air still, and the rosy blush of daybreak in the East gave promise of a delightful trip through the canal. To those accustomed to sea, sound or river sailing only, I know of no more delightful trip than through

the Delaware and Raritan Canal in the early Autumn. From New Brunswick to Bound Brook, eight miles, the canal follows the winding of the river, sometimes approaching it to within a biscuit's toss, and then wandering away from it in a serpentine course through meadows bright with sunshine, and long stretches of shady reaches, where vine-clad trees overarch the smooth water reflecting each branch, twig and leaf so faithfully that the rippling bows of the yacht seem to be gliding into an underground forest whose depth and extent are seemingly illimitable. It has often been a matter of surprise to me that more small power boats do not take this trip in the Summer time. To many parties of ladies whose pleasure on a yachting trip is marred by the thoughts of rough weather and seasickness, this would be an ideal trip for a week. A day from New York to New Brunswick; two days through the canal, stopping at Bound Brook, Trenton and Bordentown; a day down the Delaware to Philadelphia, stopping as inclination suggested at attractive villages and many beautiful Summer resorts which line its banks; a day at Philadelphia and Camden, and then return. Fine hotel accommodations could be found, lodgings, and morning and evening meals, and with a lunch at midday enjoyed in a shaded nook by canal or riverside, the trip could be made a daily picnic for a party of eight or ten congenial spirits of both sexes. The probabilities are that the one week would be prolonged into two, and the party be disbanded with regrets that the enjoyment was so brief. On my returning trips from the South each Spring, I have made it a practice to invite two or three friends to take this trip homeward

with me, and no trips are so often referred to, and with so much pleasure, as these.

By the time that the early cup of coffee, prepared by the steward, had been disposed of, daylight had appeared. The mist rising from the surface of the canal, and which for a short time had threatened to develop into a fog which would envelop both canal and river in a thick shroud, had been drank up by the rays of the rising sun. Lines were cast off and a toot of the whistle caused the drawbridge ahead to slowly swing open, and we passed through this to the railroad bridge beyond, which is a stationary one without a draw. Vessels whose truck is more than fifty feet above the surface of this canal cannot pass through without dismasting. This bridge is the only one on the whole inside route without a draw. It is only during the past year that this bridge has been altered from a draw to a stationary one, and it forces all vessels of mast height above fifty feet to go outside to the Delaware Capes. Soon after leaving the city we reach the first ascending lock. In entering an ascending lock always stop the yacht in the after or rear end of the lock about ten or fifteen feet from the lower gates. In this position she will lay easier and with less tugging upon the lines than in any other position. With boats of fifty feet or under, I prefer not to put out lines. One man forward and aft will easily keep her off the side of the lock. With the first inrush of water she will start suddenly backward, seemingly as if she were to crash into the rear lock gates, but it is impossible for her to do this, for before she reaches them the water from the bottom striking the gates and rushing to the surface will be

forced forward and carry her with it before she has a chance to strike the gates. After she has been carried forward a few feet, this movement will be arrested, and be replaced by the backward movement again. These alternate movements will continue until the lock is filled, the boat moving not more than four or five feet each way.

At this lock your pass, which you have obtained at the entering lock, will be demanded, and returned to you, not to be examined again until you reach the last lock in the canal. From this point your speed through the canal will be timed, and any "great excess of speed above the four-and-a-half-mile limit" will be punished with a fine at Bordentown.

The day fulfilled its promise of being a fine one; a moderate Southerly breeze tempered the heat of the early Autumn day; a few of the leaves in the forests of oak and maple through which we were gliding were beginning to be tinged with gold; squirrels leaped from branch to branch, and occasionally a rabbit would start up from the grass along the canal bank, and scurrying along the towpath, would disappear into the woods. It was an ideal Indian Summer day, and the enjoyment was doubled by the thought that only a week before we were shivering under the leaden skies and chilly Northern blasts of the St. Lawrence at Quebec.

Just before noon we reached Trenton, and here occurred a long, exasperating delay. Soon after passing the pottery factories in Trenton the canal makes a very sharp bend, almost at right angles, and across this bend there is a drawbridge of the Penn. R. R. Ordinarily, the outlook for passing this bridge without more or less delay

is very unpromising, and it is better to tie up at the coal dock on the port side at once and wait for the draw to open. When we arrived, four canal boats were drifting about the canal waiting for the draw, and as time passed on this number was augmented by the arrival of others, until the canal was packed full. A large steam freighter came bumping through them, being unable to check her headway, and before she could stop fetched up against the drawbridge, narrowly escaping us in doing so. This gave us an opportunity to haul up close under her stern, as we knew in the conditions then existing, she must pass the draw first, and if we allowed the other boats to get ahead of us, Bordentown would not be reached before midnight. Long coal trains passed and repassed the bridge, and it seemed as if they were using the track upon the bridge as a drilling ground to make up freight trains. At times there would be intervals of ten minutes between the passing of trains, and yet the draw would not open. I was surprised at the apathy of the boat captains at this delay, as they seemed to take it as a matter of course. Speaking to one of them, he replied, "Cussin' won't do no good. It's thrown away. There's been cusses enough thrown at that bridge to melt its iron beams, but the railroad owns the canal, and they ain't going to open that bridge until they get d——d good and ready."

Minutes of waiting grew into hours, and our hopes of seeing Philadelphia that night were blasted. Finally, after a two-hours' delay, the draw was opened and we passed through in the wake of the steamer. A short distance below this bridge is the first of the descending locks. In entering a descending lock it is best to halt the boat just

forward of the middle of the lock. In case two yachts are locked through together, as sometimes happens, always choose the front end of the lock if you have the choice. The locks here are very close together, and the bridges across the canal closer still, and with so many boats trying to crowd through, it was slow and tedious work getting along, and it took us nearly three hours to cover the seven miles between Trenton and Bordentown. Arriving at Bordentown we tied up above the lock, it having taken us eleven hours to do the forty-four miles. Taking in consideration the delay of two hours at Trenton, the reader will have some idea of what is meant by that elastic term, "Greatly in excess of the four-and-a-half-an-hour limit," which I used when mentioning fines. Yachts which intend to stop in Bordentown should always tie up at the dock on the port side above the lock, as the accommodation in the Delaware below the lock is very poor, and what little there is, is monopolized by tugs.

It is presumed that the person intending to make this trip has supplied himself with the necessary charts. If he has not, it will be better for him to write to the Superintendent of the Geodetic and Coast Survey at Washington, D. C., for a catalogue and map of charts, which will be supplied gratis. From this he can learn the price of the following necessary ones: Charts No. 126, 131, 132 to 137 inclusive; 140, 142, 143, 147 to 165 inclusive; 375, 386, 420, 421, 437. If he wishes to run up to Richmond and Washington, let him add to these 401a to 401e inclusive, and 388 to 391 inclusive. There are many other charts of Bays and Sounds on a larger scale, but I have not found them of any practical value, except in

exceptional instances, and these I have included in the list.

Bordentown is a very pretty village, situated on a high bluff on the Delaware River. To reach the town you must ascend a long flight of wooden stairs. Here we stopped for the night, and the following morning ran down the Delaware. Coming out of the lock into the river care must be taken lest we run upon a shoal which lies directly ahead. In my numerous passages through this place I can recall but one time in which I did not see at least one yacht aground on this shoal. A black buoy lies about one-fourth of a mile ahead, and a person coming out of the lock would naturally steer for it, and find himself high and dry on the shoal. To avoid this, as soon as we are clear of the lock docks we steer for an old broken-down dock directly below. Passing these docks, about fifty feet away, we keep around in the bend of the river on the Eastern shore, approaching the black buoy which marks the lower end of the shoal, on a gradual curve, leaving the buoy on the starboard hand. We then favor port side of the river until we are past the Fieldsborough Mills. Here we take midstream until we are nearly opposite Northern end of Newbolds Island. Here we favor the Western shore about a mile, or until we are nearly opposite Southern end of island. Here we cross over toward a red buoy, and after passing the buoy keep well into the bend on the port shore, and follow this bend around, keeping about 150 feet away from the sedge grass until we are about 300 yards away from and above a high sand bluff with short dock extending out from it. We then run for this

dock, passing close to it, and run along this shore until we are opposite Florence dock, which is a short distance below. Here we take a diagonal course to the opposite side of the river and favor this shore until we are opposite the head of Burlington Island. Here we take midstream, curving in toward Bristol, which is on the starboard bank, and favor starboard shore until below Burlington, which is on the port shore. Here we take midstream again until we are abreast the upper end of Edgewood Park on the port shore, when we cross over and keep well into the bend along the Park until we are nearly abreast of Beverly dock below. Here we cross to the other side of the river, heading about in a line for a small wooden hut on the starboard shore. Here we take the middle of the river, favoring the port shore a little, until we are opposite Torresdale on the starboard shore. About a mile below this is a reef of rocks running parallel to the port shore. These are marked by a black buoy at each end of the reef. About a mile below the black buoys is a red one, and after passing this we gradually draw in toward the port shore, heading toward the Riverton steamer landing, which has a house upon it. Here we draw out into midstream again, and gradually work our way toward the factories with tall chimneys on the starboard shore. We run along this shore until we are past the factories, and then head for the draw in the bridge which spans the river at this point. This draw is 70 feet above surface of the water at low tide. Tide rises about six feet. Unmasted vessels may pass through the two arches West of the draw. Here we keep middle

of the river to Philadelphia. The best place to anchor in Philadelphia is just below Petty Island on the Camden side of the river. A good place to tie up is just below Cramp's shipyard (which may be known by its large derrick), at Patterson & Hughes' rolling mills, which may be known by their round iron chimneys and a pile of scrap iron upon the wharf. Tie up on Northern side of wharf. Here you are out of the way of swells from ferryboats. As soon as you have made fast, go to the office of the company, a short distance away on Montgomery street, and obtain permission to lay there. Having obtained this permission, the watchman at the gates will pass you at any hour of the night. Philadelphia is 27 miles from Bordentown and 40 miles from Delaware City. From Philadelphia to Delaware City, the place below where the canal enters, the river is well buoyed and no difficulty need be experienced in navigating it. Passing Chester, between Chester Island and the city we pass Wilmington and Newcastle. Here we keep around in the bend of the river until we reach Delaware City. In approaching the canal it is best to follow the docks around on the starboard side, so as to be able to tie up in case there are any rafts in the lock, as these cannot be seen, and in coming out of the lock they require a large space to maneuver in. This canal connects the Delaware with Back Creek, a small stream which empties into Elk River, which in turn empties into Chesapeake Bay. It is 13 miles long, and has three locks, one at each end and one four miles from Delaware City. Rates of toll for yachts thirteen cents a ton. They are more particular in regard to speed than in

any other canal on the route, and will probably give you a time card showing the exact number of minutes which must be occupied in reaching certain points on the route. Speed allowed four and one-half miles per hour, or three hours for the whole trip. Vessels whose masts are over thirty-three feet from the water-line must have all draws opened for them. Draught of water allowed seven feet. The canal passes through a series of small lakes at its Eastern end, and is very wide, but at its Western end it is very narrow and care must be taken in meeting large freight steamers passing through, so as to avoid passing them in bends in the canal.

Leaving Bordentown at six thirty a. m. and favored with the ebb tide, we soon reach Philadelphia. Having no occasion to stop there, we kept on past the city, and reached Delaware City and passed into the canal at one p. m. All kinds of provisions may be secured here. We had no interruption in the canal until we had passed the railroad bridge at the Western end. Here the canal is very narrow, and a couple of freight barges with tows had, in passing each other, become wedged in between the banks. This promised a long delay, and there was nothing to do but tie up to the bank and possess our souls in patience until such time as they could extricate themselves. We had intended getting through the canal in time to pass down the creek and run to Baltimore that evening in order to fill our gasolene tanks the next morning, which being Saturday and a half holiday the oil works closed before noon. After waiting an hour, the tows succeeded in passing each other. Following the steamer ahead, which had three large barges in tow, we

waited for a place in the canal wide enough for us to pass them. Several times we tried to do this, but each time just as we would get to the bow of the rearmost barge the strong suction would pull us against her side and hold us there as if we were fastened with a tow-line. Full speed ahead did no good; we could not budge an inch ahead, and then seeing a bend in the canal ahead we were forced to drop back to avoid being crushed against the bank. The tow traveled at a snail's pace, and falling behind we allowed the yacht to be gently drawn along by the suction of the last barge. By this time we had given up hopes of reaching the Chesapeake that night, as we would have to wait until the barges had locked through at Chesapeake City, and each one of these would consume fifteen or twenty minutes in doing so. Arriving at the lock, we made preparations to tie up to the bank, but just then the locktender, recognizing the Roamer, sent a man back to tell us that if we would work ahead of the barges, he would lock us through first. This amply repaid us for former courtesies extended to the lock officials on former trips, by inviting them aboard, and extending the "honors" in the saloon. I have found in passing through canals there is no better investment than a few cheery words of greeting to the locktender when entering, and a friendly conversation when the lock is being filled or emptied, with a few cigars on leaving. This goes much further than the tips I was in the habit of giving when new to the business, and leaves a better impression behind, to bear fruit in the future, as in the present instance. Thanking the locktender as we entered the lock, he replied, "Oh! they have got to wait

for their tug, anyhow. It is down the creek and won't be here for an hour yet, and I thought you had rather be tied up snugly to dock below than be drifting around the canal." Yachts intending to stop here for the night should pass through the lock and tie to the dock above the lock, as the lower docks are used for barges and canal boats. Chesapeake City, notwithstanding its big-sounding title, is a small town of a few hundred inhabitants. Ice and provisions can be obtained here and pilots down the creek if desired. Back Creek is a narrow winding stream, which empties into Elk River about six miles below the canal, and having a least depth of seven feet. Yachts drawing over five feet would do well to start from Chesapeake City at dead low water, the shoals then can be plainly seen, and if by accident the yacht touches bottom the rising tide would soon float her off. Rise of tide about two feet. Do not be alarmed by stories which pilots, anxious to be engaged, will tell you about sunken raft logs in the creek. A few years ago the creek was full of them, but lately the colored people have found a way of spearing them from the bottom, and by means of a raft with a windlass on it lift them to the surface and tow them up to the city, where they obtain a dollar apiece for them. Every foot of the creek has been thoroughly explored by lazy darkies anxious for rum and tobacco money. The creek is easily navigated, the ebb tide always flowing in the same direction, and here will be found of value the knowledge obtained in the Raritan River.

It was low water when we locked out into the creek. The air was still, and the sun just about setting. Its reddish rays, slanting upon the surface of the water,

brought out with extreme vividness every shoal, and the channel was plainly marked by lines of tiny bublets on either side. Just below the lock there is a sharp bend in the creek. We keep well into this bend until nearly opposite a dock on the port shore at the lower end of the bend. Here we cross over to the dock and into the bend below it. In this way we navigate the creek, keeping as near the center as possible, but always favoring the bends above the points. Where two points jut out nearly abreast each other, take midstream between them. About five miles below the lock there juts out from the port shore a long dock with a post light on the end of it. We approach this under one bell, as there is shoal water if we stand too far into the bend above, and there is also a shoal on the starboard hand. It should be approached on a curve, so as to pass it about fifty feet away, and immediately after passing it curve in to port so as to pass midway between two fish pounds extending out from opposite sides of the creek. Here the creek broadens out into the junction of the Elk River, about a mile below. Nearly opposite junction is a beacon light in midstream, which we head for, leaving it about two hundred feet to the starboard. It was growing dusk now, but we can just make out the outlines of a dock at Towns Point, about a mile below. This we make for, intending to tie up here for the night, but find it occupied by a tug waiting for a tow, so we swing out into stream again and let go the anchor, and as the stern of the yacht slowly swings up stream under the influence of the incoming tide we go down to dinner; the sound of quack, quack, coming to our ears from a low-flying flock of canvas-

backs, the early harbingers of many thousands which will swarm in these waters a few weeks hence. After dinner, feeling delightfully tired with our day's run, which although short—88 miles—has been full of varied experiences, we recline on the upper deck in steamer chairs, thoroughly enjoying the warm, balmy night air, until under the soothing influence of a good cigar, our eyelids slowly close, the burning cigar drops into our lap, and awaking with a start, we go below for a delicious night's rest, and an early start in the morning.

At dawn the following morning, we were underway. A midstream course soon brings us to Turkey Point Light, where the Elk River empties into Chesapeake Bay. Had it been three weeks later we would have turned to the Northward here, and heading between the light and Spesutie Island, ran up to Havre de Grace at the mouth of the Susquehanna River. Here is the paradise of duck hunters in the Fall of the year. All along our route from New Brunswick, launches and yachts were being fitted out in readiness for the first cold snap, which would bring countless flocks to their favorite wild celery feeding ground in the head waters of the Chesapeake.

Passing Turkey Point midway between it and the opposite shore, a twelve and three-quarter mile Southwest by West three-fourths West course brings us to a red can buoy off Wortens Point, when we change course to Southwest one-fourth South for three and three-fourths miles. This brings us up to black can buoy No. 3. Leaving this on the starboard hand we steer Southwest by West five-eighths West for one mile and pass red can

buoy No. 2, then steering Southwest one-fourth West we run for two miles and pass black spar buoy No. 1. Here we steer Southwest by West five-eighths West 13 miles, which course brings us abreast and about one mile distant from North Point and into the main ship channel to Baltimore. This channel is a dredged one, well buoyed, with plenty of water for us a quarter of a mile each side of the channel. Heading for Fort Carrol, which is a fort and lighthouse situated in the middle of the bay about four miles away, so as to pass it leaving it to port, we follow up the buoyed channel to Lazaretto Point and lighthouse on Northern shore. Turning into the bend on the right hand we follow up the shore and wharves to the Standard Oil works, situated on a long wharf covered by a wooden building, just below extensive coal docks and chutes. It was now ten a. m. and we found that we were in good time to replenish our gasolene tanks, which we filled up to the last drop, as I have found this to be the cheapest place in the United States to obtain it. They were asking fifteen cents in New York, while we obtained it here for eleven. This is a good place to tie up if it is the intention to spend any length of time in Baltimore, as the trolley cars are handy to take you up to the city. A better place is at the head of the Patapsco River at the foot of Calvert Street. Here are the public docks, but in the oyster season they are fully occupied by the oyster fleet.

After filling with gasolene we concluded to run up and risk the chance of getting a berth. Standing out from the oil works, we reach across the river to the large elevator buildings on the opposite side, and then

keep on straight up the river, avoiding the deep bay which extends out on the port hand, until just before reaching the place at the head of the river where all the large bay and river steamers are berthed, when turning to right sharply around a point about 500 feet from these steamers we shoot up to the city docks. Both the low dock ahead and the Fruit Company's dock on the right are city wharves, and any vessel has a right to tie up to them by paying the wharfage fee, one dollar.

The low city dock at the foot of Calvert Street and its immediate vicinity was crowded with vessels, but there was an empty berth at the Fruit Company's dock, which we appropriated. The only objection to tying up here is, that if a large fruit steamer should arrive, the harbor master would oblige you to move. Should this occur, there is a slip two wharves below, on one side of which is a steamboat wharf, and on the other side a grain mill, and I have sometimes tied up here. We devoted the early part of the afternoon to putting in stores and answering mail awaiting us here, and then madame and myself jumped on our bicycles and rode out to Druid Park.

I forgot to state earlier that the distance from Town Point to Baltimore, our last day's run, is 47 miles.

The following day was Sunday, and we had intended to stop over in Baltimore until Monday morning, but the day with its gentle Westerly air seemed to be an ideal one for a run down the Chesapeake, and it seemed almost a crime not to take advantage of it.

Baltimore was an old story to us all; the rays of the sun, reflected from the glassy surface of the slip, rendered

the interior of the yacht uncomfortable, and drove the crew to the shelter of the fruit docks. A desire to be in motion possessed us all, so we cast off the lines and started down the bay. Passing North Point, and reaching out into the broad waters of the Chesapeake, the light Southwest air freshened, and before we had reached Sand Point, 24 miles below Baltimore, developed into a half gale, which being directly in our teeth kicked up a nasty, choppy sea, and led us to conclude that a harbor was the most appropriate place for us just then. There was a good harbor in the Magothy River, just abreast of us then, but we decided to run to Annapolis, which is on the Severn River, seven miles below Sandy Point Light. This light stands out in the bay about one-half mile from the shore, and when we are abreast of it, we steer Southwest, one-fourth South for four miles. This will bring us to an H. S. buoy. Passing this, we draw in toward Greenburg Point Shoal Light, which stands out in the water about three-eighths mile from Greenburg Point. The channel is well buoyed, and we follow up the buoys, turning into a bay on our left toward the white marble naval building. Just beyond this building is a wharf to which we make fast. In Annapolis is located the U. S. Naval Academy, and the quaint old city is well worth a visit, if only to learn how quickly a person may lose his way and as quickly recover his bearings again.

The center of the city is the State House. This is in the form of a circle and represents the hub of a wheel, from which, like spokes in a wheel, radiate the streets; the cross streets forming concentric circles. Let anyone turn into one of these cross streets, and in a few moments

he loses his bearings, and on a cloudy day could not tell in what direction of the compass he is traveling and is almost sure to go far wide of the direction and point he thinks he is approaching. In this dilemma, it is only necessary to turn into one of the spokes of the wheel and it will bring him to the hub, or State House, again.

The strong Southwester continued during the afternoon, but just before sunset a heavy thunder storm arose, and in the evening the weather cleared up with a light air from the Northwest. This presaged a good day's run for the morrow, provided the Northwester, which was sure to increase at sunrise, did not blow too hard and haul into the North, a thing which these winds are prone to do in the Fall of the year, and which would send the big three-masters scurrying down the Chesapeake under balanced reef, mainsail and jib. Chesapeake Bay is much like Long Island Sound, and is well provided with harbors. The tides in it are strong and any heavy wind is apt to draw up or down the bay, kicking up a nasty, choppy sea, particularly in crossing the mouths of the large rivers on the Western side. For the first 20 miles below Annapolis harbors are plentiful on the Western shore, the first being South River, to enter which you round Thomas Point Light close to, and steer West one-fourth North for a mile and a half, passing red spar buoy, until up to black spar buoy No. 1, then Northwest until half mile above Turkey Point, when you can turn to the right into Duvalls Creek, or to the left into Selbys Bay, or you may keep on the Northwest course until past the red buoy No. 6 and anchor in the bend above Hills Point. These are the best harbors and easiest reached, although there

are good harbors in Rhodes and West Rivers, about three miles farther South, to enter which steer from Thomas Point Southwest three-fourths West three miles, to black spar buoy No. 1, then steer for red spar buoy about a mile and a half ahead and one-eighth mile to starboard, and when up to it steer West one-half North one mile to enter Rhodes River, or West by South, one-fourth South, two miles, to enter West River. Steering Southwest by South three-eighths South, ten and one-half miles from Thomas Point, will bring you up to black spar buoy No. 1, entrance to Herring Bay; then a Westerly by Southerly course, one and three-quarter miles, will bring you up to red spar buoy No. 2, rounding which a North course will bring you up to head of bay. Twenty-five miles below this is another harbor for Northerly and Westerly winds, Cove Point Light, which is the entrance to the Patuxent River. This forms a good shelter, but there is a swell rolling in which makes it uncomfortable at anchor. A fine place for anchorage is still farther up the river, around Drum Point Light. The chart shows good water close aboard the light, but a shoal has made out from it and it should be given a berth of six hundred feet. After passing the light, turn up into the cove at the right, and keep up this cove about three-quarters of a mile, leaving to port an oyster bank whose extremity is marked by an H. S. buoy. Anchor midway between shore and buoy. A beautiful little harbor is Solomons Island, one and a half miles above this. To enter this, follow up line of shore until past black spar buoy No. 3, and then gradually draw across to the steamboat dock inside the point, or anchor about 500 feet be-

yond. This is a perfectly landlocked harbor and is very handy when you happen to be caught in a three-days' Norther, as happened to the writer once.

Twenty-five miles below this is the mouth of the Potomac River, at Cape Lookout. In the bight around the cape there is a shelter from Northerly winds but a very miserable harbor. I speak from experience on this point, for last Spring we ran in there after dark and anchored near a schooner. During the night a squall sprang up and we narrowly escaped being blown ashore. We passed a miserable night and daylight revealed to us the schooner high and dry on the point of the cape. The mouth of the river is wide, the tide is swift, and no matter in which direction the wind is, it will draw up or down the river. Seven miles up the river is a fine harbor on the Western shore in Smiths Creek. Follow up the shore about half mile distant, and pass in between black and red beacon lights, and to port of red buoy; then head up into the creek, favoring the port shore, and anchor between that shore and dock on starboard shore just below bend in the creek and a small creek making out from port shore. If you wish to tie up to dock on starboard shore, do not stand in to it until nearly opposite it. Washington, D. C., is ninety-eight miles above this.

The Potomac is a broad river, easy navigable. From this point—Smiths Point—the tide does not commence to flow up the river until five hours after high water at Point Lookout, and with a vessel making ten miles per hour it can be carried to Alexandria, six miles below Washington. As a rule, this is the case in all the rivers flowing into Chesapeake Bay, and it is even the same with the bay

itself, the tide not commencing to run North until three and a half hours after high water at Fortress Monroe. The mouth of the Potomac from Cape Lookout to Smiths Point opposite is eleven miles across. The current is strong, and when running against the wind the sea is very rough and choppy, much more so than it is two or three miles farther out on the bay, and it is much better to head out for the lighthouse, which is built out opposite Smiths Point, about three miles into the bay.

Seven and one-half miles below this light is Great Wicomico River, in which is a splendid harbor in any wind. From the Bay Light off Smiths Point, steer Southeast one-fourth East, seven miles, to the lighthouse off Fleets Point; then steer West by North three-fourths North to red buoy, and then turn in Cockrill Creek. Go up creek and turn sharp point into a bay and Scaller Creek on starboard shore. About twenty miles below this is an excellent harbor in the Plankatank River. To enter this, when opposite Rappahannock Spit Light, steer Southwest by South three and one-eighth miles to Stingray Point Light, then Southwest, one-fourth West three miles to black can buoy No. 1, then South, Southwest one-fourth West to black spar buoy No. 3 and up to red spar buoy No. 2, then steer South, three-fourths West to scale black and red buoys. Passing between them, turn to port and anchor in mouth of Scall Creek, which has a house and dock just around point of creek. Other good harbors can be found below this in Mobjack Bay, below Wolf Trap Spit Light. From Wolf Trap, steer Southwest, one-half South, eight and one-half miles to New Point Comfort Light, giving the point a berth of about a

quarter of a mile, and then run up into East River for Northerly winds, or into Ware, Severn, or North River for Southerly winds. Just to the South of York River is a fine little harbor in Back River, the entrance to which is just above Back River Light and is well buoyed out. On the East side of the Chesapeake there are several good harbors, though I have never had occasion to use them; in fact, either on one side of the bay, or the other, there is a harbor every twenty miles or less, the whole length of the bay.

We passed a very pleasant day in Annapolis, the strong Southwest wind tempering the heat, so that it made it very pleasant rambling around the old city. In the evening clouds rose in the North; the Southwest wind grew moderate, and about eight p. m. a Southern thunder storm with its incessant lightning and continuous rolls of thunder burst upon us, clearing up with bright starlight and light Northerly air, peculiarly grateful and refreshing after the hot day.

At daylight the next morning the wind was blowing fresh Northwest, a good wind to run down the bay, provided it did not haul into the North, which it is quite prone to do in the Fall of the year here, and a Norther in the Chesapeake, particularly when the tide is running flood, is not a thing to be sneezed at. Rendered cautious by a former experience in the Waikiki, when starting under much the same circumstances, the wind hauled into the North when we reached the middle of the bay, and kicked up such a heavy sea that we dared not bring her side to it to reach a harbor on either side, and were forced to run before it 70 miles in company with big three-

masters under balanced reef mainsail and jib, we delayed starting until a couple of hours after sunrise. Then the wind seeming to hold true Northwest we started. Reaching out into the middle of the bay, the wind hauled North, Northwest, and increased to a velocity of 40 miles an hour, but as the tide was just beginning to ebb, the sea was comparatively smooth, and with mainsail and jib set to steady her, we made a splendid run down the bay, anchoring before sunset in Mobjack Bay, 127 miles below Annapolis. The only difficulty experienced was once or twice in running into a maze of fish pounds, when in running around the heads of them, we were forced to bring her broadside to the sea. I had figured to run out into the bay far enough to avoid these pounds, but each year they are built out farther, until in some places they are six miles out from shore and really form a serious obstruction to navigation. They are built out from shore in almost a solid mass, only a small opening about 100 feet wide being left between the head of one pound and the foot of the next. Time will be saved by keeping wholly outside of them, no matter how far they may seem to extend out into the bay, as once among them, the zigzag course necessary to pass them will force you to sail a longer distance than if you ran out a mile or two at first, to say nothing of the danger of striking the propeller on an old submerged stump. Once among them—and it will astonish you how easily and unwittingly you can be caught in the labyrinth—always steer for head of the pound where the cluster of stakes is, as this is the only place where there is a passage.

The gale died away at sunset and we passed a quiet night in Mobjack Bay. The wind rose again the following morning, but had not the same strength behind it as on the previous day. Starting after early coffee, we soon ran down to Fortress Monroe, 26 miles, and passed into Hampton Roads. Passing the Rip Raps and the fort, we ran for the black can buoy, which lies two miles away in a Southwesterly, one-half Westerly direction from the fort and lighthouse, and marks the entrance into the dredged channel to Norfolk. This channel is well buoyed and we soon ran up to Norfolk, twelve miles from Old Point Comfort. In going up we pass to the starboard of a red lightship and to the port of a lighthouse built out in the river. Running past extensive coal wharfs and the docks of the large bay steamers above, we tie up to the Standard Oil Co's works, which is a long brick building about a half mile above the bay steamer's dock, and just below a ferry running from Norfolk to Portsmouth. There are always a number of tugs tied up at an adjoining wharf above. Here we fill up with gasolene, as it is the only place where we can obtain it at a reasonable price this side of Charleston, S. C.—one cent a gallon more than at Baltimore. It can be obtained at Beaufort, N. C., and at Wilmington, also at Georgetown, S. C., by paying from 16 to 20 cents per gallon for it. Just above the oil dock, the Elizabeth divides into two branches, the North and South branch. On the point between these two branches is the city of Berkley, which is the best place to fill up with water. Here is a deep slip situated between a long brick building and extensive coal sheds on the first wharf East of a ferry

slip. In here is a capital and quiet place to tie up if any long stay is to be made at Norfolk, as the ferry alongside plies between here and Norfolk every ten minutes.

Ice and provisions can be obtained here, and there is a machine shop for repairs. There are two routes from Norfolk into Albemarle Sound, N. C. One via the Chesapeake and Albemarle Canal; the other via the Dismal Swamp, or as it is now called, the Lake Drummond Canal. The distances are about the same, that via Lake Drummond being a trifle the longest. The latter is the better route, the river navigation being easier, and the canal infinitely superior. The entrance of the Chesapeake and Albemarle Sound Canal is at the head of the South branch of the Elizabeth River, 12 miles above Norfolk. This canal leads into the North Landing River, Currituck Sound, and North River into the Albemarle. There are shoals in all of these rivers not marked with buoys, and as there is no tidal current above Elizabeth, picking out the channel is largely a matter of chance.

Having filled up with gasolene at Norfolk, we ran over to Berkley and filled up with ice and water. After dinner, coming out of the slip, we turned to port into the South branch, and passed the Navy Yard up to the railroad bridge, keeping in midstream. Above the bridge are extensive flats, but these are marked out with buoys. As often the paint is worn off these buoys and on cloudy days it is difficult to distinguish the color, I will give the color of buoys in the order in which they appear above the bridge: Black, red, black, red, black, black, red. Four miles above Norfolk the river makes a sharp turn to the left at almost right angles, and a deep creek which appears

to be the main stream is on the right, as the main branch of the river cannot be seen from below. Strangers almost invariably steer for the wrong channel and ground at the entrance of the wrong one, which is the old entrance to the Dismal Swamp Canal. On the neck of land between these two streams is a sawmill. From the last red buoy steer toward a dock on right bank, keeping close to it, and then head for the log raft just above the sawmill, then curve out into midstream, and toward left bank and follow up that bank to the drawbridge ahead. Passing through the draw, we keep in midstream one mile until up to Deep Creek on the right. This entrance is marked with a sign board, "Lake Drummond Canal." At the entrance is a red spar buoy. We leave this to starboard, and keeping well away from Northern point of creek, run well into the bend on opposite side until well past the point of entrance, and then gradually draw out into the middle of creek. The creek is about two and a half miles long and its bottom is composed of shifting quicksands, so we run up at slow speed, keeping as near midstream as possible, but favoring the bends a trifle. About half a mile below the lock, just above a sunken barge, the creek broadens out, forming a small bay on each side. Just ahead of small bay on starboard side the canal bank begins, and may be distinguished by the bank of sand thrown up on starboard bank of canal. We keep close to this bank, and follow it up to the lock, and pass in.

The canal is one of the best, if not the best, in the Eastern part of the United States. Depth, nine feet; width of locks, forty feet; length ditto, two hundred

and fifty feet. Rates of toll for yachts, twenty-five cents per gross tonnage. It has only two locks, one at either end. It is perfectly straight, almost as the crow flies, in its whole length of twenty-two miles. At its Western end, it debouches into Moccasin Creek, which in turn empties into the Pasquotank River. Moccasin Creek used to be an extremely tortuous stream, but two years ago the Government deepened and widened and straightened it so that now it is first-class. With the exception of the Everglades of Florida, the Dismal Swamp is the largest swamp in the United States, and until the canal was cut through, well deserved its epithet of Dismal. In pro-slavery days it was the retreat and refuge of hundreds of runaway slaves. Hundreds of square miles in extent, covered with a dense, impenetrable forest of cypress and juniper; the home and lurking place of the venomous moccasin snakes and hordes of gnats and mosquitoes, no white man could penetrate far into its gloomy depths. How the runaways existed under these circumstances is a mystery, for domestic cattle turned into the swamp to browse during the Winter months are invariably driven out by the insects in the Spring, maddened by the torture. During the Civil War, the writer was stationed with his company at the Northern edge of the swamp, and a family of nine negroes came into our lines, the seven children of which had never looked upon the face of a white man before. Now all is changed. The canal has drained thousands of acres of the richest land in the State of Virginia. Lumber companies, by lateral ditches to float out the logs, have penetrated far into the interior of the swamp, and hamlets are springing

up along the canal bank. The water in the canal, colored by the roots of the juniper, is of a dark, rich, wine hue.

In former years this was thought to be the best water for seagoing purposes in the world, and navy vessels bound on long cruises, always filled with water from the Elizabeth River, which drains the swamp. We passed through the lock at Deep Creek and reached Wallaceton six miles beyond before sunset, having made a run of fifty-five miles that day. Here we tied up for the night, as it was dangerous to run at night in the canal on account of the number of cypress roots which, half-concealed, are floating in it and are apt to break the propeller blades. These roots, left in the sides of the banks when the canal was cut through the forest, are continually caving into the water. The next morning we were off at sunrise. The morning was a beautifully clear one, not chilly, but with that delicious tinge of crispness in the air which makes it seem laden with ozone—every breath an exhilarating one. As far as the eye could reach, the canal stretched away in a straight line, narrowing down into a mere thread in the distance, presenting the appearance of a long, amber-colored needle piercing the green forest in the distance. As the sun arose beyond the tips of the trees, its rays tinged the wine-colored water to a deeper hue, until it seemed as if the yacht were gliding through a huge artery of blood. Large, long-legged, white and black cranes sprang up from the sedges, and with slow flight sail ahead a few yards, then alight, and spring up again as we approach, repeating the performance for miles. Occasionally a flock of wild turkeys would be seen. A month later when

the early frosts have banished the mosquitoes, the hunters will be after them. At the first drawbridge, we cross the boundary line of Virginia and North Carolina, and at breakfast time are in the lock.

Locking down into Moccasin Creek below, we run four miles and pass into the Pasquotank River, fourteen miles below which is Elizabeth City. The passage down this river is one of the most charming on the whole route from New York to Florida. To those only accustomed to Northern cruising, it is a revelation of beauty. It is quite narrow at its upper end, very crooked, and with but few straight stretches of over 600 feet. If a yacht does not answer her helm very quickly, one bell must be the order of sailing. With one exception, the river is deep from bank.

The sun had become very hot by the time we had entered the river, and as we glided under the shaded archway of trees overhanging the stream, the sensation was exquisitely cool and delicious. The straight stretches were so short, that we seemed ever to be gliding into the heart of some primeval South American forest. Ahead the thick maze of tall cypress trees seems an impenetrable barrier to our further progress, and just as we are about to ring down and reverse at full speed to avoid rushing into the woods, the stream opens out suddenly on right or left, disclosing a stretch of wine-colored water for a short distance, only to be hidden by a bend beyond. We keep the whistle sounding at frequent intervals to announce our coming to any unseen craft below, when suddenly it is answered by the blast of a steam whistle so near that our ears tingle with its shriek; instinctively we

grip the wheel hard and await the coming crash which seems to be inevitable; drawing a long sigh of relief, as shooting around the bend we find the next stretch clear. Slowing down, we keep the whistle sounding, and answering signals float through the forest now close aboard, and then far away, until presently the puff of a tug is heard; curls of steam appear above the tree tops close beside us; the outlines of a pilothouse and chimney appear, seemingly going in the same direction as ourselves; ahead is a very sharp bend, and in a few moments the nose of a tug coming up stream thrusts itself out of the woods to meet us. Since we first heard her whistle, we have run nearly a mile, yet so sinuous is the river's course, that at times we have not been five hundred feet away, and at others a quarter of a mile. The tug is pulling barges of lumber and scows and sloops laden with cotton, resin and turpentine going to Norfolk for a market. We stop, and holding on to the branches of the trees at the side of the stream, wait until they pass the bend before we start. We keep a good lookout for a sunken log which is in the middle of the river, about seven miles below the lock, and which is the only obstruction in the river. A short distance below the log, the river broadens out forming an extensive shoal in the middle, just above a house on the left-hand bank. This shoal is buoyed out with red and black buoys, the first buoy being a red one near a point, which we leave to port. A short distance ahead of this, the stream is divided by an island in the center. We take the port channel, passing a black buoy at upper end of island, and presently come to a drawbridge.

Here we toot the whistle vigorously, and ring down, for the bridge tenders live some distance from the bridge and are none too hasty in their movements. It takes a long time to get the draw open, and there is a strong current in the river setting toward the bridge. About two miles beyond the draw, Elizabeth City appears in sight suddenly as we round a bend in the river. This is a large, progressive town, and everything may be obtained here in the way of stores. There is also a machine shop where repairs can be made. Stopping only long enough to obtain the morning papers, we speed down the Pasquotank, which here broadens out into a noble river, deep and well buoyed, and a midstream course takes us clear of all possible danger. Where the river empties into Albemarle Sound, seventeen miles below the city, there is a lighthouse built up on piles. We do not run clear down to this light, but when opposite Pocoson Point red buoy No. 2, we strike across the inside light steering a Northwesterly, one-half North course. This course brings us about a mile to the right of the lighthouse. There is plenty of water on this course, seven feet, and it saves us three miles in distance. The course made, a good twenty and one-fourth miles, brings us up to Caroon Point black can buoy. Leaving this on our starboard hand, we steer directly for Croatan Lighthouse, a mile distant ahead, which marks the entrance into Croatan Sound, a short stretch of water connecting the Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds. Leaving this light close aboard on the port hand, a Southeast, one-half East course four and one-half miles through a buoyed channel brings us up to Blockade Beacon, a lantern set upon a cluster of piles, opposite Roanoke

Island. This light takes its name from the fact that in the beginning of the Civil War, the Confederates drove a row of piles clear across the Sound at this point to prevent the passage of our gunboats, but General Burnside's army, of which the writer was an officer, first captured Roanoke Island with its land forces, taking a large number of prisoners. The gunboats then forced the passage, and chasing the Confederate gunboats which were behind the barricade, either captured or destroyed the whole fleet before they could reach the defenses of Elizabeth City. A Southeast, three-fourths East course, three miles, brings us to Skyco, in Ashbee's Harbor. This is the landing place of a line of steamers plying between Newbern and Elizabeth City. It has an extensive warehouse and fine dock, and affords a good harbor for anything but a Southwest gale. Skyco is a small post office station on Roanoke Island. The island is celebrated as being the birthplace of the first white child born in America. A few years ago the waters in this vicinity were teeming with wild ducks in the Fall of the year, and sporting clubs from New York had clubhouses here, but of late years the shooting has been overdone; the ducks have become scarce and wild, and sportsmen must go farther South to obtain the old-time sport.

We left Skyco early next morning, and steering Southwest by South, seven-eighths South four and five-eighths miles brought us to Roanoke Marshes Lighthouse, at the Southern end of Croatan Sound and the beginning of Pamlico Sound. Near the course last steered there will be found marked on the chart two small islands. These have been washed away by a hurricane and no trace of

them is left, the average depth of water being on their former site. Near the lighthouse is an excellent harbor, where there is a *Rudder* station. To make this harbor, after leaving the light on the port hand, steer South about three-eighths of a mile to black spar buoy, then steer into the marsh island opposite and follow up the shore Northward to the harbor, in which there are always quite a number of fishing craft and fish houses. Pamlico Sound is very broad and has a depth of water averaging twelve feet. Despite its shallowness, it becomes very rough in fresh Southerly winds. To-day it is clear and warm, with a light Northeasterly air, and its surface is smooth, ruffled only with the slightest of ripples. From Roanoke Marshes Light, we steer South, one-fourth East, nineteen and one-fourth miles. This brings us nearly abreast and about three miles distant from Long Shoal Lighthouse, built upon piles in the Sound. When the light bears Northwest, we steer Southwest, one-fourth West nineteen and one-fourth miles toward the Gulf Shoal Light, also built on piles, leaving it on starboard hand at about the same distance as the last. Continuing on the same course twelve and one-fourth miles farther brings us to Bluff Shoal Lighthouse. This light was erected the present Summer, (1903) and is neither charted nor mentioned in the list of lights. The light which will be flashing red will be established about January 15, 1904. The light takes the place of Bluff Shoal Buoy, as a point of departure.

The courses given hitherto will bring a vessel drawing seven feet of water from New York to this point, but here vessels drawing more than five feet must part com-

pany. Vessels of deeper draught must steer Southeast by South for the buoyed channel into Ocracoke Inlet, and make the remainder of their journey to Charleston, S. C., outside. At Ocracoke Inlet is probably the best place on the coast for wild geese hunting. Large flocks congregate here in the Fall of the year, and once when anchored there over night, we found it difficult to sleep on account of the continual honk-honk of the geese swimming around the vessel. The best way to reach these grounds is by daily power launch, which runs from Beaufort, N. C., to Ocracoke. At Bluff Shoal Light, vessels bound to Newbern, N. C., also take their departure.

Newbern is situated on the Neuse River, which is deep, well buoyed and easily navigable for vessels of seven feet draught. Being bound for Core Sound, we steer Southwest by West five and three-fourth miles, toward Royal Shoal Lighthouse, leaving it on the port hand about one-half mile. When opposite it we steer South by West three-fourths West ten and one-half miles to Harbor Island Bar Light, the entrance into Core Sound. When we are about a mile from it, we bring it to bear South by East, which will bring us in range of the entering buoy, about half a mile distant from the light. Here it is well to proceed slowly, for with Southerly and Westerly winds, the water is shallow over the bar, but unless the winds are blowing very fresh, five to six feet of water can usually be found on it. From the buoy we head directly for the Westerly side of the lighthouse, and when almost up to it, give it a berth of fifty feet, and then head for the channel stakes beyond, paying particular attention to the direction in which the finger marks on the

stakes point. The mail boat from Ocracoke passes this light between eight and nine o'clock each morning, and her captain will cheerfully allow you to follow him and will indicate when you are to keep on the straight course when he turns out of the channel to make a landing at a post station. The channel from buoy to lighthouse sometimes changes, so that the light should be approached on a curve, but if the whistle is sounded when entering buoy is reached, the light keeper will appear on the balcony and indicate by signs the course to pursue. Proceeding slowly, with sounding pole used every few feet, we pass without touching, finding a least depth of water five feet four inches. Here let me call attention to superiority of sounding pole to lead line for frequent soundings in shallow water. Every yacht navigating these waters should be provided with one, twenty feet long, one inch in diameter, marked plainly into six and one-foot distances, made of ash or hickory, although hard pine makes a good substitute. Another handy thing to have aboard is a stout fishing line with a very heavy sinker attached. Three feet above the sinker at foot intervals, place two or three corks to indicate different depths of water. Sometimes, when touching bottom, one is uncertain on which side is the best water. This line can easily be thrown from 80 to 100 feet, and the corks will instantly tell the depth of water without the trouble of lowering a boat. Core Sound is a shallow body of water from one to three miles wide, and thirty long, with depths of water varying from two to nine feet. These shoal spots are scattered over the whole body of the sound, but in a winding passage between these shoals,

there is always a depth of from five to six feet. The channel is indicated by small posts having upon them a finger pointing in the direction of best water. These finger marks should not be approached too closely, for they are often placed upon the edge of the bank.

At frequent intervals, always in sight of each other, are placed mid-channel beacons, posts about fifteen feet high with horizontal slats nailed to them, and which may be passed close to on either side, and are so placed in straight stretches that you may steer from one to the next nearest one in sight. These beacons are sometimes eaten off by the Teredo, and the finger marks knocked down by the sails of passing vessels. Last Spring when we passed through a large number were missing. During the Summer I made complaint to the Lighthouse Department at Washington, and received reply that the matter would be attended to as soon as possible. Here let me say that I have always found the Lighthouse Board officials very courteous, ever ready to heed complaints, and anxious to replace marks and buoys as soon as possible, and I cannot too strongly impress upon the minds of yachtsmen the good results which will follow the prompt reporting of all misplaced or missing marks. At many of the inlets along the coast, the government pays yearly salaries to persons to see that buoys are replaced and changed as the channel shifts. As a rule the only duty attended to promptly is the drawing of the salary. Residents do not like to incur the ill will of the buoy tender by reporting him, although in private conversation they will deplore what they term the disgraceful condition of affairs. The buoy tender

can easily excuse himself to the government, by explaining away a single report, but let each yachtsman report to Washington every dereliction of duty, and the matter becomes a serious one to the buoy tender. To emphasize this, let me state as a fact, that with a single exception, there is not an inlet on the coast of the Carolinas and Florida cared for by local tenders in which the buoys are in their proper positions, and in many of them if the buoy course were followed it would cause a sure grounding of the vessel, thus transforming aids to safety into snares of destruction.

In passing through Core Sound we found the beacons and stakes in the same condition they were in the Spring, but before we got through it we met a vessel loaded with stakes on the way to replace them, and since then I have received a communication from the government stating that they are all replaced and now there is little trouble in navigating the sound on a clear day and a pilot is unnecessary. After passing Harbor Bar, the only place where one is liable to touch is Piney Point. Through this, however, the finger marks are close together, though it is best to run through at a slow rate of speed to avoid sucking bottom. Despite the absence of the stakes, we made good time in passing through the sound, though going under one bell to pick out the channel. Reaching Marshallberg, we begin to feel the influence of a strong flood tide, flowing in from Beaufort Inlet, and feeling tired with our long day's run, we tie up at the wharf of an oyster canning factory. Here we were visited by the first mosquitoes of the trip, and although they were not very plentiful, nor voracious, yet experience

taught us to put up the canopies, with which every yacht should be provided making the inland trip. The run of the day was 111 miles.

Waiting for the tide to serve us the next morning, we follow the finger marks through the straits. This is a narrow passage between Harkness Island and the mainland. At the lower end of Marsh Island, we steer in a Southwest by South direction to Middle Marsh Island, crossing the opening on the right made by the North River and that on the left made by Back Sound. Reaching Middle Marsh Island about one-fourth mile South of its Northern point, we skirt it down about a half mile and then draw out so as to pass to starboard of small black spar buoy, and then head for Shackelford Point in a Southwesterly by Westerly direction toward some breakwaters, which have the appearance of docks. We then head for black can buoy No. 3, then to black and white perpendicular stripe buoy, and then to H. S. buoy, leaving all on port hand. Here we head for Fort Macon Point—where General Butler, during the Civil War, performed his great fiasco in attempting to blow up a land fort by a powder vessel set adrift—toward black can buoy, and pass between it and red nun buoy. From here we steer direct to lighted beacon on spiles at entrance to Bulkhead Channel into Beaufort. This channel is changeable, the best water being sometimes to the Eastward and at others to the Westward of beacon, usually the latter, and at all times at low water, showing a trifle over four feet. The water is nearly low now, and we ring down as we approach it about fifty feet to the Westward. She slides up gently on the bar. The strong ebb catches

her bow and threatens to carry it afoul of the beacon, but by backing full speed, we slide off and try again, this time about 400 feet to the Westward. This time she touches the bar, which at this place is not more than fifty feet wide, but goes over it. She is going so slowly, however, that she has no steerageway, and the tide again catches her, and carries her toward the beacon, on the bar again, and this time it seems as if we should be forced to stay there until the tide rose. This is of no serious importance, for the sea is always smooth here in this wind, and we shall have to wait anyhow for the tide to rise to get up to the docks at Beaufort. However, we succeed in backing off inside the bar, and then head for the second beacon so as to approach it about 200 feet to the Eastward of it. Just as we get opposite it, we turn to starboard and head for a passage between two marsh islands, and anchor between them.

The tide is now dead low, so we do not attempt to go up to the town, as it is difficult to carry more than four feet at this stage of the tide. At any other stage of the tide we should have kept through between the marshes, and giving the point of marsh on the port side a berth of 150 feet, turned round it and skirted its Eastern shore about 100 feet away to a break at its Northern end. Nearing this break we swerve to port and stand close in to it, and then turn almost at a right angle toward a dock on the Northeastern shore. This is an extremely difficult turn to make when tide is running flood, and a vessel must answer her helm very quickly in order to make it. With tide running ebb it is easy. Standing in very close to this dock, we skirt the docks along the water

front and tie up to any of them; or, instead of making the sharp angle, turn in the break of the islands near the dock, we may keep ahead to Northward in channel between marsh and mainland, favoring the marsh shore until up to the dock of oyster canning factory. Before you have come thus far, you will probably have been espied and boarded by the representative of *The Rudder,* Pilot George W. Smith, who will cheerfully pilot you to town and render you all the assistance in his power. If you conclude to take a pilot from here to Wilmington or Charleston, you will make no mistake in employing him, and this is something which cannot be said truthfully of the majority of persons calling themselves pilots on this coast. I speak feelingly and from experience when I say this, for in former times my yachts have been placed in dangerous positions, and only good luck prevented their total loss. There are "pilots and pilots" along this coast. Every man who has made a trip in any kind of a craft, and in whatever capacity, will tell you he can pilot you through, but it requires constant experience to keep in touch with the shifting channels, and to impress upon the mind the hundreds of bars and shoal spots one must avoid. If you can avoid it, do not employ a pilot unless he can show you a recommendation from a captain whose vessel he has piloted through the course you wish to go, within the year. Unless you are in charge of a good pilot, and their number from Norfolk to Cape Florida can easily be counted on the fingers of one hand, it is infinitely better to trust to the chart and to your own good judgment. The vessels which these so-called pilots are accustomed to navigate rarely draw more than three feet.

Their immunity from danger at this draught leads them to run you at full speed upon an oyster bank or bar which they have passed over a score of times without touching, and in their confidence and cock-sureness of the channel, put you aground for "keeps," when you, in your caution, will touch only lightly and easily back off. In these waters the best of pilots occasionally touches bottom, and when he tells you that he never puts a vessel aground, don't employ him. He either lies or is inexperienced. Morehead City, which is opposite Beaufort, is the terminal of a branch line of railroad. Steam yachts in want of coal must go there. It is a small town, not as large as Beaufort, and not as good a harbor, although more easily reached, having a buoyed channel up to it. There is an inside passage from here to Bogue Inlet, twenty-five miles South, through Bogue Sound. Certain pilots, both at Beaufort and Morehead City, will tell you that they can take you through this. This they may be able to do, but if your vessel draws more than two and one-half feet, they will surely put you aground many times and consume two or three days in the passage. A first-class pilot like Mr. Smith will not attempt it, unless it is absolutely insisted upon, and then he will tell you frankly the difficulties. Of a number of persons who have attempted this, I have not found one who wishes to try it again. In our many passages down the coast, we had never been into Bogue Inlet, weather conditions had been so favorable that we had kept on to Cape Fear. As it was now only noon, and a favorable opportunity for making the run, and thus learning the inlet, we engaged Captain Smith as pilot, and

started. Beaufort Bar was smooth—it is well buoyed—and with a light Westerly wind, we were soon over it and at sea. Here let me say that there is an excellent harbor in Cape Lookout Bight, on the Southwestern side of the cape. Yachts coming up from the South in the Spring, or having run out of Ocracoke Inlet in the Fall, will sometimes find Beaufort Bar too rough to cross safely, and can always find a good, quiet anchorage here, without being forced to run through breakers to reach it. It is almost landlocked, with plenty of water, and can easily be made in the night. Bring Cape Fear light to bear Northeast by East, three-fourths East, and steer for it. This will bring you to the point of the Hook, on which there is a post lantern at night. Rounding the Hook to the Southward brings you to a quiet anchorage. Between Cape Lookout and Cape Fear the coast makes a deep trend into the Westward, forming a deep bay, to follow the shore of which makes the course about fifteen miles longer between the capes than it would be if a straight course should be made across.

From Beaufort Sea Buoy to Frying-pan Shoal Lightship Southwest..... 100½ miles
From Beaufort Sea Buoy to Frying-pan Shoal Slue, Southwest, ¾ West..... 94¼ "
From Beaufort Sea Buoy to Cape Fear Point Slue, Southwest, ¾ West..... 94¼ "
From Beaufort Sea Buoy to Corncake Inlet Southwest by West..... 88 "
From Beaufort Sea Buoy to Bogue Inlet, West, ¼ South..... 25 "

Favored by a long swell rolling in from the Gulf Stream, we soon made the run of twenty-five miles, and picked up the buoy off Bogue Inlet. This inlet is well buoyed and unlike most of the inlets on this coast, is not subject to as frequent changes. In approaching one of these inlets, when there is any swell to the sea, the breakers seem to run clear across the inlet, and as the channel buoys are small, third-class ones, it is sometimes difficult to see them, as they appear to be among the breakers. This is caused by the channel usually crossing the bar in an oblique direction, most frequently in a Northwesterly direction. Hence it is always best to run along the edge of the breakers once or twice to pick up the buoys, or to see if the channel has changed since they were put down. This can usually be determined by the absence of breakers in the channel, or if the swell is so heavy that it is breaking clear across, by the cessations of breakers at intervals when other parts are breaking. The rule is to find the smoothest spot and run for it. Few yachts ever ground in crossing the first line of breakers. They are more liable to come to grief on the sand bars inside. The sea buoy at Bogue Inlet is about half a mile outside the breakers. After making sea buoy, steer about Northwest to pick up a small P. S. channel buoy which lies in the edge of the breakers, then steer in between Northeast beach and left-hand breaker about West by North, toward a black can buoy which lies inside the breakers; then turn sharply to the right and pass in between red and black spar buoys; then steer Northeast by East toward the Eastern bank and black can buoy. Before reaching this buoy draw in close to the beach, as

this buoy is now on the middle of a shoal which has made out from the Westward since the buoy was placed there, and is now in so shoal water that boats cannot get to it to take it up. Anchor after passing black buoy at the mouth of Frazers Creek, which makes in from the Eastward and has small house on Western bank. Depth of water on bar at Bogue Inlet is from seven to nine feet at high water. Rise and fall of the tide, two and one-half feet. The side-wheel steamer, Fred'k DeBary, which was coming down the coast from New York, followed us in, and despite the warnings given by our whistle, kept straight for the last-mentioned black buoy, and ran aground. Aided by the rising tide she soon backed off and anchored near us; in fact too near, for when the tide changed in the night, she was forced to shift her anchorage to avoid swinging into us. There was vivid lightning in the Gulf Stream that evening, but about ten p. m. a cloud bank appeared in the Westward with lightning and thunder mutterings, and after it had passed a light breeze sprang up from the Westward, presaging a good day for our long outside sea run on the morrow. At six o'clock the next morning we had disposed of our coffee and were underway, going out of the inlet followed by the DeBary. The wind was moderate, Northwest, which soon hauled into the North and freshened, so that we set staysail and jib to steady her against the swell which was rolling in from the Gulf Stream from the squall of the previous evening. From sea buoy off Bogue Inlet to Frying-pan Shoals Lightship, the course is Southwest by South, one-half South, eighty-four miles, and this course takes you out from

shore about sixteen miles. As there is no need of our going to lightship, we steer Southwest, one-fourth South seventy-five miles, to make the slue around the point of Cape Fear. This course takes us offshore about ten miles, and at one-thirty p. m. we sighted Cape Fear Lighthouse. Forty miles South of Bogue Inlet is New Topsail Inlet, where vessels of four feet draught may enter, but the channel frequently shifts, is not buoyed, and vessels must be guided wholly by the character of breakers in entering.

The wind, which had been light Northwest at starting, gradually hauled into the North and East, but still kept light so that we had a smooth passage to Cape Fear. The coast is a low, sandy one, and at our distance from it could just be distinguished at times. About five miles to the Northward of the cape is what is known along the coast as Corncake Inlet, but it is put down on the chart as Gold Leaf Inlet. The bar carries about six feet of water at low tide. The inlet may be distinguished by a pyramid slat-work tower on the mainland, visible at sea three or four miles, and when we last ran in there, two years ago, we brought this tower to bear Southeast to find entrance over bar. The water is shoal inside the inlet and best water is around the left-hand point. Give this point a berth of about 200 feet and then round up close into the beach. A short distance ahead is an oyster bank, and you must hug the beach close, leaving this on the starboard hand. Ahead is still another oyster bank, about 75 feet from shore. This must be left on port hand. From here there is an inside passage to Southport, but it is only available at high water, and could

not be successfully navigated without some previous acquaintance with it, although boats of three feet draught could pick their way over at high tide, which here rises five feet. It is a very handy place to run into in case one should be so delayed in coming from Beaufort as to be unable to reach the cape before dark, as this Cape Slue Passage requires daylight for its safe passage.

In approaching Cape Fear, we steer for the life-saving station at the point of the cape to within about three-eighths mile from shore, and follow shore round at this distance until we can plainly see the breaker on the innermost or Western edge of Frying-pan Shoals, between which and the shore is the channel, having a least depth of twelve feet. If the sea is smooth, this breaker will be the only one seen, but if there is much sea on, there will also be a breaker on the point extending from the beach on the mainland. The channel lies between these breakers, and best water is close to the Eastern breaker. We skirt the edge of the Eastern breaker until well past the new lighthouse on the point, and then steer Northwest by West, five-eighths West to one of the black channel buoys five miles distant, and then follow up the buoys to Southport. If for any reason it is impossible to reach Corncake before dark, the only alternative is to go out around Frying-pan Shoals Lightship, as it is dangerous to cross the shoals after dark. This would make the journey 30 miles longer, but from the Southern side of the shoals, the harbor on account of its excellent range lights is easily entered at night. From the lightship steer Northwest by West nine miles until up to the whistling buoy, then steering a North Northwest course

of fifteen miles will bring you in the range of white lights leading into the channel. Follow up this range to the intersection of first red range. Follow this a short distance until up to the intersection of second red range. Follow this range until opposite small white beacon light directly opposite Bald Head Lighthouse. This beacon light and the lighthouse form a rear range. Bringing this directly astern you will see the lights of Fort Caswell on the port and a red beacon light to starboard. Steer between the two, and when opposite the red light, steer for the lights on the dock at Southport, and anchor about 500 feet from shore.

The city of Wilmington, N. C., is 26 miles above on the Cape Fear River. The river is well buoyed and beaconed, and is easily navigable with the assistance of the chart and *Aids to Navigation.* I am afraid that I have omitted to state that these aids to navigation, from the Third district to the Eighth district inclusive, should be obtained from the Lighthouse Board at Washington, D. C. They are furnished gratis to all applicants in writing. It being early in the afternoon when we reached Southport, we made no stop here, but aided by a strong flood tide, we ran up to Wilmington in a few minutes more than two hours, 111½ miles from our starting point in the morning. Wilmington is a fine, thriving, go-ahead city, and well worth a visit. It has all the conveniences for ship stores, water, fuel, and all kinds of ship and machinery repairing. It is one of the most hospitable cities in the South. The Roamer being well known, had no sooner made fast at the Custom House wharf, than scores of kind and well-wishing friends came aboard to

extend to us their true Southern welcome. At the dock above the Custom House is a *Rudder* station, represented by C. P. Maffitt, who is always ready to tender visiting yachtsmen a cordial reception, and render them any assistance in his power. The city has fine driving roads, and a very complete system of trolley cars which run to outlying inland and sea-beach resorts. A few days can be spent here with pleasure and profit. We had intended staying here only a week, but a succession of fresh Northeasterly winds detained us a week longer. It is always best to drop down the river to Southport the night before, in order to get an early start for the next outside run. One afternoon we ran down, but the next morning the indications were so unpromising that we ran back again to Wilmington, much against our inclination, but consoling ourselves with the recollection that last Spring we did the same thing and thus escaped the fate of three schooners which we intended to accompany across the bar, all of whom were wrecked within 24 hours thereafter. One afternoon the wind hauled into the Southeast, and then into the Southwest with thunder squalls, and this almost invariably means a Northwest wind on the following day. Being inland and sheltered by high hills, it is difficult to judge of the force of the wind and state of the sea outside, and it is a good plan to jump into a trolley car and ride over to the beach at Wrightsville before starting down to Southport. At five a. m. the next morning the wind was Northwest, moderately fresh, and we started on our 122-mile run to Georgetown Light. The tide was strong against us and it took us three hours to run to Southport. Passing out to sea, we found the

wind much heavier than we expected, but as it was off-shore and we disliked to return to Wilmington again, we decided to hug the coast and keep on, although this would make our run twelve miles longer, and it would be a hard squeeze to make it before dark. The coast line here curves in to the Westward, forming a bay twenty miles deep. A Southwest by West course, 76¾ miles, would bring us to Georgetown buoy, but that would take us twenty miles from land, something not to be thought of in that wind. A West course, a little Southerly, would bring us to entering buoy of Little River Inlet, the next harbor, thirty miles away; but even this would send us miles away from shore. The wind kept increasing until it attained a velocity as reported of sixty miles an hour and as direction of the current along this coast is governed by the wind, it made a strong current against us. Keeping close in to shore, we had comparatively smooth water, although the wind blew so hard that is was difficult to keep an upright position on deck. Reaching Little River, we found that the wind was making such a smother of the seas that it was impossible to distinguish the breakers, and as we were doing very well, we concluded to keep on. Little River Inlet may be known by four fishing huts located on the Southern entrance to the inlet. It carries six feet of water at low tide. Rise and fall of tide about three feet eight inches. From the entering buoy, steer on North, Northwest course, so as to leave the Eastern breaker about 200 yards on starboard hand, and follow this Eastern breaker past a red buoy which lays just inside this breaker, then a Northerly, seven-eighths Easterly course will lead toward Bird Island, which leave

on the starboard hand about 150 yards. After passing point of Bird Island, gradually change course to North, Northwest, approaching on a curve a black spar buoy off the point of Waiters Island, and after passing buoy, keep up middle of river to dock and house on left bank. A steamer plies regularly between here and Wilmington, and I would advise anyone intending to enter this harbor to call upon Captain W. A. Sanders at Wilmington. He is a genial, wholesouled gentleman and would gladly give any information as to any change in the inlet. From the entering buoy at Little River, a straight course Southwest, three-fourths South, 54 miles, would bring us to Georgetown buoy, but as we still had to hug the shore in the deep bight of the bay, sunset found us still ten miles away from the bell buoy with the white shaft of Georgetown Light just discernible. Approaching the light from the North, a long cape seems to jut out into the sea, and strangers are apt to steer for the point of this cape. This should not be done, as a shoal extends out in a Southeasterly direction about three miles. The channel into the harbor is protected by a long stone jetty. On three different places on the jetty are three mounds of rock which may be seen from a long distance. Bringing these mounds in range, and running closely parallel with them is a good way of picking up the bell buoy. From the bell buoy, steer so as to leave the jetty about 400 feet on the port hand, and pass in between the jetty and line of red buoys. Keep about this distance from the jetty for about a mile, and then swerve to the right toward black fishing rip buoy No. 3, passing which, you then turn gradually in toward the lighthouse, passing a sand

point on the right, above which the water is deep close in to shore all the way up to the lighthouse, above which you may anchor.

It was dark before we reached the entering buoy. We sighted it but lost it again in the darkness. The wind, which had given promise of moderating at sunset, took on an added force, and spray hid the jetty, and drenching the bows and pilothouse, rendered the searchlight useless. Ahead were four unfamiliar lights, the use of which I could not make out. We made out a buoy which appeared to be a channel one, but which we found afterward was an abandoned one drifted out of position, and steered for it, but breakers close aboard on starboard hand caused us to alter our course suddenly, and on this new course we caught a glimpse of the jetty as a wave broke over it. Steering for it, we grazed one of the channel buoys. So intently had we been looking at the surface of the water that we had paid no attention to the four strange lights, but as we swept by the buoy, I glanced upward and found that we were in range of two white lights. These had only been established a short time before, and formed an excellent range for entering the harbor. This range led us parallel to the jetty, and where the channel turned, it intersected another white range which led up to the fishing rip buoy, where we turned toward the lighthouse, and anchored just above it, thankful that we were so snugly stowed away, and little dreaming that the worst was yet to come. This part of Winyah Bay is less than a mile wide, and the tide rushes through it like a mill-race. When we anchored tide and wind were in the same direction, but just as

we were about turning in, the tide changed against the wind. This drew more to the Northward, and kicked up a nasty, swift, rolling and heavy sea, in which we wallowed and rolled all night. In comparative lulls of the gale howling down the long, open stretch of bay, the tide would cut the stern of the Roamer up against the wind; a vicious gust would then send her ahead the whole length of the chain to be brought up with a suddenness which I surely thought would either part the chain or tear the bows out of her; then heading to right or left she would make a broadside rush in the trough of the sea, tack the other way, and wallow until the tide slowly cut her up stern first against the wind again, to repeat the performance. Chairs, tables, couches and stove tore from their fastenings, and took riotous possession of the cabin and engine room. Shelves and cupboards added their contents to the general mass of confusion, to which were added clocks and water pitcher, and cooler articles vainly searched for and long ago given up as lost suddenly appeared from out-of-the-way places, and it seemed as if every movable thing about the vessel was on a general rampage. To add to the general confusion, the boats on deck broke loose. These were finally secured, and the heaviest articles wedged together in the cabin and engine room.

This continued for hours until the tide turned, and was, taken altogether, the most uncomfortable night ever spent on the Roamer. Daylight found the gale still raging, and as soon as it was light enough for us to pick our way, we ran up to Georgetown, 12 miles above, and 134 miles from Wilmington. The channel

up to Wilmington is well marked out and easily navigated. Leaving the lighthouse, we keep up the bay until we open out Mosquito Creek Beacon Light, black, then steer for it leaving it on port hand, then as follows: From Mosquito Creek Beacon to Marsh Island Beacon, black, Northwest, three-fourths North and past it in same general direction to buoy No. 7. From No. 7 to Frazer's Point Beacon, North, Northwest, three-fourths West, and then North to Hare Island Beacon, passing several buoys on the way between all the beacons. From Hare Island Beacon steer Northeasterly toward a red beacon, until you are opposite black spar buoy at entrance of Samsit River; you will then be on a rear range line shown by white beacons on Eastern shore. We steer in on this range, passing close to black buoy, leaving white lighthouse on starboard hand, until past a red spar buoy, when we take mid-channel up to the city wharves. Just as we were making fast to the wharf, storm signals were being hoisted for the gale which had already been raging for 24 hours. Georgetown, which is situated at the junction of the Samsit, Peedee and Waccamaw Rivers, affords the best hunting-grounds for the greatest variety of game of any place in the South in the Fall of the year. Myriads of ducks flock to its rivers and adjacent marsh lands, and upon the numerous rice plantations the rice-birds are so plentiful and troublesome that bands of negroes are employed to fire blank cartridges into the rice fields to prevent the clouds of birds from making serious inroads upon the yield. The constant popping of the guns reminds one of a skirmish line in war times. The small red deer are plentiful, likewise

quail in their season. A few miles below the city a canal has been cut which leads into the interior waters, furnishing an inside passage between here and Charleston, available for vessels of three and one-half feet draught. Unless one has plenty of time at his disposal and cares not for mosquitoes, I would not advise anyone to attempt it. Owing to the waiting for tides to cross the divides, it takes two days to reach Charleston, with one or two nights spent in the rice marshes, while the outside passage can be made in six hours, with one good harbor between points, should it be necessary to make one. We stopped at Georgetown two days, and on the morning of October 12th, started for Charleston, despite the fact that the storm signals were still flying. We judged that as they were not hoisted until 24 hours after the storm had commenced, to even up things they felt obliged to keep them up the same length of time after the storm had broken, and our judgment was correct, as we made a pleasant and smooth passage. We soon ran down the bay, and passing beyond the jetty, stood out one-fourth mile beyond the entering buoy, then laying our course Southwest by South, a run of 18 miles brought us up to the slue through Cape Romain shoals. Sighting the slue buoy, we bring it to bear Southwest and run for it. This buoy is now placed in the middle of the slue, taking the place of two buoys formerly placed at each side of the shoal. After passing the buoy, we change course to Southwest by West, one-half West, and this course made good for 33 miles will bring us up to Charleston bell buoy. Eighteen miles beyond Cape Romain, a good harbor can be found in Bulls Bay. Bring the lighthouse on Eastern

end of island to bear between Northwest and West by South, and steer for it. When up close to the shore, follow it around into the harbor. About five miles East of Charleston bell buoy, we cross Rattlesnake shoals, marked by a buoy at either end, over which we can carry six feet of water at low tide. Pass these buoys about one-fourth mile either North or South of them, but do not attempt to run between if drawing over five feet. Steering for the bell buoy, which is about a mile and a half inside the lightship, we pass it and then head for the passage between the jetties, and follow up the line of buoys to the city, or with our draught of water we can head for the Eastern end of Fort Sumpter, giving it a berth of about three-fourths mile, and after passing it steer for the small lighthouse on Fort Ripley Shoal, so as to leave it on starboard hand. After passing this we make direct for the wharves ahead and on the right. A good place to tie up is in the government basin opposite the Custom House, but we keep on farther to the wharves of the Cotton Compress Co., where the Roamer is well known and is always accorded a cordial welcome by the genial superintendent of the works, Mr. S. W. Doty. Distance from Georgetown, 80½ miles. We have now accomplished all the outside runs necessary to take, to reach Jacksonville, Fla. These runs are those which beginners in Southern yachting most dread, and they probably keep scores of small yachts from attempting a cruise which can be easily and safely accomplished, for as seen by this trip, which is an usual one, it can be accomplished with as little risk as a cruise from New London to Marthas Vineyard. The only rough weather

we experienced was on the trip from Wilmington to Georgetown, which although disagreeable was by no means dangerous, besides being entirely unnecessary, as by waiting a couple of days longer, we would have had fine weather and smooth seas all the way. Had we not been as well acquainted with the coast and harbors, we would not have attempted it, but it only goes to show how safely it can be done even in a gale.

During the many years we have been making this trip between these points, I do not recall a single instance in which a yacht has come to grief, although it has been repeatedly made by launches of twenty feet. Distances of outside runs are: Fort Beaufort, N. C., to Bogue Inlet, 25 miles; Bogue Inlet to Cape Fear, 74½ miles, or in a straight line from Beaufort to Cape Fear, 88 miles; Cape Fear to Georgetown Bell Buoy, 75¾ miles; Cape Fear to Little River, 30 miles; Little River to Georgetown Bell Buoy, 54 miles; Georgetown Bell Buoy to Charleston Bell Buoy, 55 miles. Distance by shore line, 238¾. By a straight course, 218¾. Charleston is an easy harbor to enter at night. From the lightship, steer in on range of Fort Sumpter and St. Philip's church lights and when within a mile of the fort, draw out so as to leave it to starboard about three-fourths mile and after passing it steer for Fort Ripley red light, which is the Southernmost of two red lights seen ahead. After passing this light, curve in to right toward city lights and anchor opposite wharves.

It was now the middle of October; we had reached the climate we were seeking; backward in the North had been left cloudy skies, chilly winds, and rains. The days

were perfect with cloudless skies, and refreshing breezes, the nights cool yet without even a suspicion of chilliness, and it was our intention, as far as possible, to keep in this temperature all Winter, moving South just enough to keep in advance of chilly weather. From Charleston to Jacksonville, a distance of 341 miles, the route is an inside one, extending down the coast through an intricate maze of rivers and sounds, at times crossing the mouths of sounds opening into the ocean, and anon wandering far into the interior, there to meet and descend another river emptying into a sound bordering the ocean still farther South, a continual ascension and descension of rivers, but never being obliged to pass into the open sea.

Our stay in Charleston was not as long as anticipated. Coming on deck one morning, a few days after arrival, we were surprised at the crispness of the air. A moderate North wind was blowing; in the Northeast the sky was steely gray; long flocks of ducks were flying Southward; evidently a cool wave was coming down the coast, and we must hie still farther Southward. Wishing to make these notes as accurate as possible, and to do this it would be necessary to have some other person to pilot the yacht while I was taking compass courses and jotting them down, we engaged the services of Captain Thomas Heyward, a colored man, as pilot, who is undoubtedly the best pilot in these waters between Charleston and Jacksonville. In navigating these waters everything depends upon the stage of the tide, in order that you shall reach particular points, sometimes at high water and at other times at low water. Charleston should be left about one hour before low water, if your boat has

an average speed of 10 miles, earlier, according to speed, so as to reach Church Flats at about low water. From the Custom House to Church Flats it is about 17½ miles. I say "about," because in the rivers and creeks in this journey many of the streams are so crooked that it is impossible to measure distances accurately with the dividers.

At many of the places we shall pass through, it is better to navigate them at low water, especially for strangers, as the channel can then be distinctly traced, as all the shoals and bars are bare. At low water four feet eight inches can be carried through Church Flats, and the numerous islands are out of water. Beginners should make it a rule never to attempt a difficult passage on a falling tide. If they touch then, the chances are that they will remain there 10 or 12 hours. Many of the shoals rise abruptly from the edge of the channel, and if one grounds on them in a slanting position, as one usually will, there is danger of capsizing as the water falls, or laying over so far on the side as the water rises, that the tide will come into cabin windows or cockpit before the vessel commences to right. The writer has been forced to put out anchors and reeve tackle to masts to help right the vessel as the tide rose. The range of the tide in these rivers being between five and seven feet, the tide rises rapidly, and if one touches bottom, he will float in a few minutes on a rising tide. On the morning of October 15th, we left the wharf at Charleston, and ran up the Ashley River, keeping well out in the stream to avoid the shoal which makes off from the Battery sea wall. Wappo Creek, which enters the river, is about one and

a half miles above the battery. We stand up the river until two day-marks, which are on the left bank, are in range, and stand into the mouth of the creek on this range. Looking over the stern we will also see that the steeple of St. Michael's church is nearly in range with the Northeastern corner of a large brick rice mill on the Charleston shore. As soon as we are well into the creek, we take almost a midstream course, favoring the left-hand shore a little. There are a number of side creeks flowing into this one, but when two channels meet we take the one which is nearest straight ahead. About a mile from entrance is a drawbridge. This creek is about 3½ miles long and leads into Stono River. We pass straight out of the creek and well out into the river before turning up, and favor left-hand shore about a mile and a quarter, and then cross over and favor the other shore up to the phosphate mills, where there are a number of dredges dredging the phosphate from the bottom of the river and adjacent marshes. The river is easily navigable with the aid of the chart. Still farther up the river we pass another phosphate mill. About five miles above this mill we reach Church Flats, the divide between the Stono and Wadlemar Rivers. Here the river broadens out in a small marshy lagoon, studded with numerous small islets. These islets are wholly or partially covered at high water, so that it is difficult for a stranger to keep in the channel. It is now dead low water—a scant five feet—and the main channel as it winds among the islets is plainly discernible. At the entrance to Church Flats there is a house, store and dock on the right bank.

We run close to this dock, and then incline over and favor Eastern shore, until opposite to the mouth of a creek on that shore; then head for a cedar tree, which is in a fringe of woods and inland some distance ahead on the Western shore, and which shows above the tops of the other trees. We keep this course, which brings us near the mouth of a creek on the Western shore, and when opposite this we draw out to a midchannel course until we reach the Wadlemar River, 3 miles above this, and which we enter after passing a large creek coming in from the left, above which is a house and wharf, and still farther beyond another house and wharf on the left bank.

Beyond this last house a small bay makes into the left shore, and beyond this bay a small and a large island. We leave these islands on the port hand and steer for a black beacon ahead, which we leave on the starboard hand, and then steer for another black beacon, which we leave on same hand, giving it a berth of 150 feet. Passing this beacon, we curve a little to the left, and then steer for a red beacon, leaving it on port hand, and then follow left-hand shore around a deep curve, at the head of which is an island on port side. This we leave on port hand, as also a smaller one beyond, and a larger island beyond this. Just beyond this larger island is a shoal and oyster bank, which we avoid by steering toward the mouth of a creek on starboard shore, above which is a new house on same shore. We follow this shore around to a dock and railway station. Nearly opposite the station is a large island. We leave this on the port hand, and passing between it and two smaller islands ahead, which we leave

to the starboard, we head for Martins Point, on the left shore, upon which is a small village. From Martins Point we cross over to opposite shore, and follow the bend around to the next point, where we cross over to the left-hand shore again, following this around until a bay opens out on left hand, when we steer so as to leave a large island on the right on starboard hand, and curving gradually to the right leave on port hand a small group of islands which extend out between us and Bluff Point.

Here we enter North Edisto River, and we cross this diagonally toward a house on the Northwestern shore, one-half mile below which is White Point, the entrance to Dawho River. In entering Dawho River, we take nearly a midstream course, favoring starboard shore a little. Ahead and a little to the left we see an island, which we steer for, so as to leave it on port hand a couple of hundred feet, and run parallel with it its entire length. After passing it we keep on the same general course, curving slightly to the left, so as to pass midway through a bay on left and a point of land projecting out from the right. Abreast of this point we turn around it sharply to the right, and steer on this course so as to pass midway between point of land on left and deep bay on right. Running across this bay from the point on left is often a strong tide rip, having the appearance of a shoal. It is not a shoal, only the strong tide rip. From this point we curve to the left, favoring a fringe of islands, all of which we have on the port hand, until we are up to the head of the bay on our right.

Abreast the point on our right we cross over so as

to favor the right shore for about a mile, and then take midstream course the balance of the river, taking care not to be led off into North Creek, a large stream which comes in from the left at Dawho Ferry. The Dawho connects the North Edisto and South Edisto Rivers. It is about 21 miles long in all, and very crooked, and in its Southern part narrow, but it is deep, and after passing through the wider part is free from shoals, and a midstream course carries us through safely. The divide, or the place where the tides change, is about two miles from the South Edisto River, and is just before reaching a house on right bank. Just before entering the South Edisto we pass a house on left bank, with chimneys outside of house. To the right may be seen phosphate mills, which are up the South Edisto above the entrance of the Dawho. After passing into the South Edisto we swing around into the bend of the river on the port side and keep into this bend until past an island on our right, and then cross diagonally to the starboard shore, so as to reach it about a mile below the island. We follow this shore to the point beyond and then cross diagonally to the port shore, following this shore about a mile, or until within a quarter of a mile of the point below, when we gradually work out to a midstream course, which we keep until opposite the mouth of Mosquito Creek, the entrance to which is nearly opposite the next point below on the left. This creek is a small, insignificant one, and would be easily passed by like scores of others we have passed.

On the Edisto side is a cypress tree upon the bank, and on the opposite side of the Edisto, and on the North bank of the creek, is a lone pine tree. These are good marks

by which to locate the entrance to the creek. Mosquito Creek connects the South Edisto with the Ashepoo River. It is about eight miles long, very narrow and crooked, and at low tide carries less than three feet of water. Average rise and fall of the tide, five feet. We have so timed out departure from Charleston, a distance of 57 miles, that it is now about an hour before high water, and on a rising tide for passing through this end of it, which is the most difficult part. We steer in about midway, favoring the right-hand bank a trifle. About one-quarter of a mile ahead the creek divides into two branches. We take right-hand branch. About one and a half miles from this another creek flows in from the left. We keep the main channel, and also past another larger one coming in from the same side. A mile beyond this last creek there is another creek, which enters from starboard side. This creek cannot be seen when approaching it from the North, but just before we reach it the vessel will be heading toward the Western end of a large fringe of pine trees on Western shore. Right in the middle of the passage at the mouth of this creek is an oyster bank, which is bare at half tide. We proceed very cautiously here and hug as closely as possible the right-hand point, which is formed by the Northern side of the creek and Western side of Mosquito Creek, as the oyster bank is opposite this point. After passing the point we gradually haul out into midstream again.

This midstream course can be kept up through the balance of the creek up to its junction with the Ashepoo River, a broad stream, flowing into St. Helena Sound. To the red buoy No. 2 at mouth of river the distance

is seven miles. We favor the left-hand shore in running down the river until we pass a large creek coming in from the left, which separates mainland from the Otter Islands, and then cross mouth of bay on the left, heading toward red buoy, which is about a mile from the creek. From red buoy we steer South-Southwest, three-quarters of a mile to black buoy No. 1; then South, one-eighth West, one and one-half miles to Old Tower Beacon. Leaving it on the starboard hand we stand by it a short distance, and then steer Northwest by West three-fourths West to red buoy No. 4 and black buoy No. 5, two miles farther on. If tide be nearly full and running out strong, as it is now, time and distance can be saved by making a short cut from buoy No. 1 to buoy No. 5, passing far to the left of Old Tower Beacon. This will save two miles in distance against a very strong tide. On Otter Island, which is the left-hand shore, nearly abreast of buoy No. 1 there is a board beacon with a white face. We stand a little beyond black buoy No. 1, which will bring this beacon in range with highest tree in clump of trees on the island. By bringing the stern on this range the vessel will be heading West by North, and this course, making due allowance for the tide, will bring us up to buoy No. 5, three and a half miles distant. In looking backward on this range there appear to be three small clumps of trees, and then one larger clump to the Northeast of these. It is the highest tree in this clump which should be ranged with white-faced beacon. From buoy No. 5 we steer so as to pass about a half mile outside of Marsh Island, which is ahead and on the port hand. After passing this island, and

avoiding a bay above the island, we keep about this distance from shore up to and around a point on left hand to red buoy No. 2, passing the mouths of Combahee and Bull Rivers, which come in on the right, and leaving Bull Spit Buoy at the junction of Bull and Coosaw Rivers on the starboard hand. This brings us into the Coosaw River. About two miles ahead is a phosphate mill upon the left bank. We steer so as to pass about one-quarter mile outside of this, passing a black buoy en route. This brings us up to black buoy nearly opposite the mill, and continuing on in the same course we come up to red buoy No. 4. From this course, a West, one-fourth South, course leads us past a black buoy and a red one up to the junction buoy of Brickyard Creek, which connects the Coosaw River with the Beaufort River. In passing through this creek we use Chart No. 437. From the junction buoy we steer into the mouth of the creek, on the left bank of which, just above the entrance, there is a phosphate mill and one or two houses, taking care to avoid a shoal which extends from right-hand side at junction of another creek. Brickyard Creek is four miles long, very crooked, with many shoals, yet with plenty of water in the channel, even at low tide, and with the aid of Chart 437 is easily navigated. When up to the old dock of the phosphate mill steer for a point on the left a short distance ahead. Rounding this point at a distance of about 75 feet we stand into a bend on the left until opposite a house on shore; then draw out a trifle, heading just outside of a point on left-hand shore, skirting a high bank on this shore, and then cross over to opposite side. Just beyond this the creek broadens out in a lagoon-

like formation, in which there is a stake on an oyster bed. We hug this stake closely, leaving it on starboard hand, and then steer so as to pass just outside of point ahead on starboard side. Reaching this point we cross the creek to the left side to avoid a shoal, which makes out from this point nearly across the creek. After passing this we follow chart course to entrance into Beaufort River, which is three and a half miles above Beaufort, S. C. Entering the river we cross over to the starboard shore, which we follow down to first point below, where we cross diagonally to the other shore, and follow this outside the fringe of marsh lands, skirting them until we are opposite the wharves of Beaufort, to one of which we made fast, and are welcomed by kind friends whose acquaintance we have made in former trips, and who have descried the Roamer coming around the bend above.

We have made the trip of 97 miles from Charleston in 10 hours, and in doing this we have passed through the waters of 16 different sounds, rivers and creeks. This statement will serve to show how easily one could be led astray without a guide, as there are absolutely no marks to indicate which stream or direction to take. The whole coast between Charleston, S. C., and Jacksonville, Fla., is an intricate network of streams, some of them extending hundreds of miles into the interior. Up some of these streams we shall pass until we meet a small stream, creek, or passage, which will lead us into a river which empties into the ocean through some sound farther South. These sounds are the mouths usually of from three to half a dozen rivers, one of which we will

take to seek a passage above which will lead us into a river which flows into a sound still farther Southward, and thus we shall proceed day after day, going up one stream, continually seeking a passage which will lead us into a stream flowing farther South. It is extremely interesting to vary the character of our sailing in this way—now seeing the breakers of the ocean dashing against the reefs and bars, feeling the motion of the vessel as she rolls to the long swell coming in from the sea, and anon winding our way through forests, rice and cotton fields miles away from sound, sight or smell of the ocean.

Beaufort is a quaint old Southern city, typical of the regime of ante-bellum days, when it was the favorite home of the blue-blooded Southern aristocracy, and it seems to have changed but little since the writer with his regiment sailed up on a transport after the capture of the forts, forty-two years ago.

Taking advantage of the last of a strong ebb tide, the following morning we ran down river past the United States Naval Station, Quarantine and the Fort to Port Royal Sound. The river is broad and deep, and is well buoyed for the use of war ships. From the H. S. buoy at the mouth of the river we steer W. one-half S. to pick up another H. S. buoy, and a mile and half S. to pick up another H. S. buoy, and a mile and a half beyond it on the same course a red buoy. From this buoy we steer W. one-half N. two miles to Scull Creek Beacon. Leaving this on starboard hand, we steer into Scull Creek about midway between the points of land on about a S. W. by S. three-fourths S. course

toward a point of land on Western shore. We then follow around the Western shore, leaving the island in front on port hand, until a post with slats upon it is reached. Leaving this post on port hand, we steer about S. E. by S. toward an island ahead, and leave it on port hand. We run parallel along this island on about a S. W. by S. course toward another island ahead. We leave this on port hand, steering between it and another island on a S. W. course. When past these islands, we steer about S. W. toward Eastern shore and dock upon it, passing close to the dock. When past the dock, we steer W. by N. and gradually change to W. by S. and S. W. by W., gradually making a curve until abreast a point on Western shore where there are palmetto trees and the white branches of an overturned tree; then curving to the left, we head for a red buoy in Mackays Creek. This we leave on port hand, and favor Eastern shore of the creek, crossing the mouth of May River into Calibogue Sound.

After leaving Marsh Island, which is on the right, we head in a S. W. by W. direction for the mouth of Copper River, which comes in on the right of two range lights on Daufuskie Island. Passing the lighthouse we run up the river, which is wide and deep. We favor starboard shore until past three creeks which come in on that shore, and then cross over and favor port shore until up to Ramshorn Creek, which comes in from the left, four miles above the lighthouse. This creek, which is very narrow and crooked, is about three miles long. We take a midstream course, and pass into and down the New River. About a mile below is an oyster canning factory, and a mile below this is a branch of the river flowing

into the sea on the left. We pass this branch, and favor the right bank of the river until opposite Fields Cut, which comes in on the starboard side. Heading for the middle of the cut in a Westerly direction we pass straight through it, leaving a broad creek which is in the middle of the cut on the starboard hand. This cut brings us into the Wright River, entering which we turn to the right, and favor starboard shore three-quarters of a mile up to Walls Cut, which connects the Wright with the Savannah River.

Starting as we did from Beaufort, on the last of the ebb tide, we have reached here at about half tide, which it is necessary to do to obtain four and a half feet through this cut, otherwise we should have been obliged to pass down Calibogue Sound into the open ocean to the mouth of the Savannah River. Standing midway between the banks of Walls Cut we pass in, and although we suck bottom we soon accomplish the two miles to cut and enter the Savannah River nine miles below the city. Steering out from the cut well into the river, we cross it diagonally, heading for a lighthouse on the opposite bank a mile and a half above. In the lighthouse resides a lady, who for years in daylight has never failed to salute a passing craft by waving a handkerchief from the porch of the house. We acknowledge the salute by the customary three blasts of the whistle, which no vessel ever fails to give, and with the flood tide sweep on up the river past black buoy No. 13 at the head of Elba Island, to St. Augustin Creek, opposite which is a red buoy, No. 12.

If we wish to go up to the city, which is four and a half miles above this, we would follow the line of red

buoys, but Savannah is a bad place for yachts to stop at. The river in front of the city is too narrow for anchorage, and the wharves are crowded with steamers and sailing vessels, so that it is difficult to obtain a wharf to which to tie up.

The rise and fall of the tide is about six feet, and tugs are constantly running up and down the river at full speed, causing small craft to pound heavily against the docks. A much better place to stay is at the Savannah Yacht Club, at Thunderbolt, in the Wilmington River. Here are fine grounds and a good anchorage, or a mooring place at the Club Dock. A trolley line runs past the grounds of the Yacht Club to the city every 20 minutes. A half-hour's ride brings one to the city, from whence supplies and gasolene will be sent free of charge.

Experience having taught us the discomforts of tying up at Savannah, we turn to the left when opposite buoy 13 and enter St. Augustin Creek, leaving a beacon which is in the middle of the creek on the starboard hand. From this beacon we draw into port shore, and run down this for a mile to where a river enters on starboard side, and which is crossed by a railroad drawbridge about a half mile from its entrance. This river we enter on a midstream course. Care must be taken to blow the whistle in ample time for this bridge, as the tide runs very strong at this point, and it being near the divide one is not always sure in which direction it will run.

It is running flood now as we approach it at half speed. Repeated blasts of the whistle fail to produce any sign of life upon the bridge. Finally, after a wait of ten minutes, a couple of darkies slowly emerged from a house

on the bank, stretching their arms and rubbing their eyes. They acknowledged that they were asleep and did not hear the whistle at first. About half a mile below the bridge is the junction of St. Augustin Creek and Wilmington River, the creek flowing out to the left. We take the Wilmington, the right-hand stream, and round a sharp bend on the right. About a mile below this bend is a large creek coming in from the right. This we pass, as also two smaller streams coming in from the right. About a mile and a half below these the river broadens out where a number of streams enter. After passing one of these streams, a large island will be seen ahead. Here we make a sharp turn to the right, leaving the island on port hand, and then take midchannel course to Savannah Yacht Club, and either tie up to dock or anchor just below it. The Savannah Yacht Club is an enterprising one with a large membership, and all visiting yachtsmen of other clubs will be cordially welcomed and royally entertained.

We are here six miles from the Savannah River, but as this is the route we should be obliged to take on our way South, we have not come out of our way, but in reality have saved eight miles of our distance, and I would strongly advise all yachtsmen to make this their port rather than Savannah. Distance from Beaufort, S. C., to Thunderbolt, Ga., 58 miles.

Here we spent a couple of days very pleasantly, but the evenings began to develop a chilliness which made the cabin a more agreeable place than the upper deck, warning us that cool weather was drifting southward at a pace equal to our own, so on the morning of October 16

we started down the Wilmington River, timing our departure so as to run down the river on the last of the ebb. A run of ten and a half miles brings us to the mouth of Romerly Creek, which empties in the Wilmington River.

Formerly the route led through the Romerly Marshes, and vessels were obliged to wait for high water to navigate them. Latterly a new cut has been made in a small creek which flows into the Romerly on the left. This cut joins the creek with Wassau Creek, flowing into Ossibaw Sound. Entering the mouth of Romerly Creek, we turn into the first creek coming in on the left hand, and follow a midstream course to the entrance to the cut.

In entering the creek, bring mouth of creek to bear S. W. ½ W. and steer into it favoring starboard shore a little on entrance. This cut was originally dredged to a depth of six feet at low water, but it has gradually filled up, so that when we enter it at the beginning of flood tide, there is a scant five feet, and we suck the bottom, carrying a large wave behind us. The bottom is soft mud, and there are no obstructions in the cut, so we force her through it, and presently emerge into Wassau Creek. The ebb tide in this creek always flows into Ossibaw Sound, so we govern ourselves accordingly in avoiding points and not running too deeply into bends, although at this stage of the tide the shoals are out of water and plainly visible, making the navigating an easy matter. Two hours later it will be somewhat difficult to a stranger.

Near the lower end of Wassau Creek is a thatched shack belonging to the Savannah Yacht Club, which the members of the club use when they come down from the

city on hunting and fishing trips. About a mile below this the creek empties into the Odingsell River, which flows into Ossibaw Sound from the Northwest. We ran up the river, taking midstream course to its junction with Adams Creek, about three miles above. Here we turn into the creek, which is deep, and has only one shoal in it which is dangerous. This is where the creek makes its first bend to the Southward, and the shoal is on the starboard side, extending well into the middle of the creek. To avoid this we keep well into the bend on the port side. This creek empties into Ossibaw Sound, and after passing a point where the Sound broadens out, we make a gradual curve until the vessel heads about W. S. W. This takes us across and up the Sound to Hell Gate, a short passage at the mouth of the Vernon River which connects it with the Ogeechee River.

In entering Hell Gate, we give the port, or Raccoon Point, a good berth, steering about S. S. W. and gradually changing course to S. W., W. S. W. and W., steering close to Middle Marsh Island, which we leave on the starboard hand. When abreast of Western point of this island, we make a gradual curve to the Southward, away from the island adjoining it, gradually turning until we are in the middle of the Ogeechee River, and keep in the midstream, favoring the starboard shore a little, about a distance of two miles, until opposite Florida Passage, which comes in from the left hand. We head into this passage on a W. S. W. course approaching the starboard shore until we are in the middle of the mouth of the passage, when we take midchannel course through it to Bear River, about two miles beyond.

At the junction of Passage and Bear Creek Bulkhead Creek comes in on the left, and there is an extensive shoal extending out to the middle. To avoid this, we favor starboard shore until past the creek, and then take a midstream course down the river to St. Catharine Sound. Entering the sound, a S. S. E. course brings us to black buoy No. 1. We stand past the buoy, and head for the shore of St. Catharine Island ahead, and follow up this shore into Walburg Creek. About a half mile above the entrance to the creek is the dock and fine residence of Mr. Jacob Rawal, who is a hospitable member of the Savannah Yacht Club. The island is well stocked with deer, and those who are fortunate enough to have an acquaintance with Mr. Rawal will be treated to excellent hunting and fishing. At the farther end of this creek, at its junction with the South Newport River, is a shoal and grounded upon it are the roots and trunk of a tree. These we leave upon the port hand, running close into the starboard bank until past them, when we haul out into the Newport River, down which left bank we run about a mile to Johnsons Creek, which comes in from the left.

Entering this, we take midstream course to Sapelo Sound, the Eastern shore of which we skirt until opposite a large creek which comes in from the left. We then steer a S. by W. ½ W. course toward an H. S. buoy, passing which we head on nearly the same course toward the Quarantine Station on Blackbeard Island to a red buoy, and then head for black buoy No. 3. Here we enter Mud River, and proceed cautiously here, as there are extensive mud flats over the bay. When

opposite black buoy No. 1 we leave it to port about 400 feet and steer S. W. by W. toward a clump of three spiles. These we leave on port hand, and continue on same course toward beach on Western shore. We follow this shore around until nearly opposite two spiles on this shore. These we bring on a rear range, and head for mouth of Teakettle Creek on opposite shore, along the left-hand bank of which are usually a number of spiles placed there to fasten rafts to. Passing into the creek, and keeping a midchannel course we run through it into Doboy Sound. Heading out from the creek into the sound we steer in the direction of Doboy Island, upon which are abandoned sawmills. On this course we are heading in the direction of a red buoy which is often hard to distinguish until close upon it. Leaving this buoy on starboard hand, we steer into the bend on right-hand shore, and follow this bend until we are opposite a sawmill on that shore, when we cross over toward a sawmill on Doboy Island.

We pass this island on a S. by W. course, and continue this course until close to opposite shore on the Northwest side. We follow this N. W. shore until we reach the point just beyond a small bay, in which there is a small islet close in to shore. At this point we change course to S. W. by S. toward Western bank until we are in midstream, and then favor Eastern shore, passing to the Eastward of a small island which is on the Western side of the river, and run down the Eastern side of the river into Altahama Sound. Entering the sound we still continue to favor the Eastern shore about three-quarters of a mile, heading toward Egg Island until opposite a

white sand beach on Eastern shore, and then gradually change course to W. S. W., passing about midway between two islands, and then haul in the direction of first Northwest point of left-hand island, passing close to the shore of this island and follow around the curve of the shore to the next point about 1,000 feet ahead. Reaching this point we head about W. S. W. for the opposite shore.

We skirt this shore about three miles toward a point on this shore ahead. This course will be about West and we continue on this course past the point until we reach the opposite right-hand shore of Buttermilk Sound. We skirt this shore about a mile until a point below on left-hand shore bears about S. E. by S., when we steer for and pass close to it and follow this shore about two miles around the bend to the junction of the Frederica River, down which we take a midstream course to St. Simon Sound. There are two shoals in this river, one in the left-hand bend as we are approaching an old stone fort on the left bank of the river, and the other in the second bend below the fort. This shoal is on the right-hand side where the river turns to run S. S. E.

In passing from the Frederica River into St. Simon Sound we espy a large island directly ahead with a passage on each side. We take left-hand passage, and curve in toward the left, toward the sawmills in the bend, and as it was now five p. m., and the days were rapidly growing shorter, we concluded to tie up here for the night at the mill dock.

After supper we brought out the gramaphone and amused the population, which is largely colored, with comic renditions. At nine o'clock we ceased and were

surprised to hear all the church bells commence ringing. Not until then had we realized that the day was Sunday. The bells were ringing for evening service, which had been postponed until we were through with our concert, as it was useless to get anyone inside of a church while the gramaphone was playing.

We had made a run of 93 miles, having passed through the waters of 24 rivers and sounds in doing so.

The following morning we made an early start, and entering St. Simon Sound, we steered for the foot of Jekyl Island, passing a black buoy which we leave on starboard hand, and pass into Brunswick River. About three miles ahead, in a S. W. direction, we see two range lights, and about one-half mile to the left of this range a beacon. The range lights are for the purpose of guiding vessels to the channel which leads to Brunswick, Ga., which can be plainly seen six miles away on our left.

The river up to Brunswick is well-buoyed, and with the aid of the chart easily navigated. As we do not wish to visit Brunswick, we steer for the beacon to enter Jekyl Creek. At the entrance to the creek is a stone jetty on the right-hand side, which is visible at low water, but is covered at high tide. The line of the jetty is marked by three spiles placed at intervals along its length. On the left-hand side of the entrance there are often piles driven to which rafts are made fast. On the land ahead, just to the left of the three jetty spiles, are two range beacons. After passing the outer beacon we draw in so as to bring these beacons in range, and run in on a parallel course with the three spiles keeping them on starboard hand and about sixty feet away until we are

abreast of the last or third spile, when we leave the range, and draw out into the mouth of the creek, keeping in the center until around the bend where the creek broadens out, until opposite a small marsh island on right hand. We then steer about S. E. by S. ½ S., drawing away from the marsh island and heading for point of woods on opposite shore.

When about three hundred feet away from this point we gradually turn up along the shore past the point and draw out into midstream just outside of line with the end of Edwin Gould's dock ahead. This we pass close to, as also the dock of the Jekyl Island clubhouse a short distance farther on. We then run through the creek in nearly a midstream course, but favoring the Eastern shore until well past the extreme Southern end of Jekyl Island. We then gradually turn toward a lighted beacon in the sound until it bears about S. ½ W. when we steer for it, leaving it and a black buoy on the starboard hand.

Passing these we steer so as to leave Little Cumberland Lighthouse on port hand and favor the Cumberland Island shore about two miles, until a deep bay on the left opens out, when we take nearly the middle of the river, and steer for the left-hand point at the head of the bay. We favor the left shore until past the mouth of Brickhill River, which comes in from the left, when we cut diagonally to the right toward the mouth of Shellbine Creek. Here we skirt right-hand shore until opposite a sawmill on that shore, when we cut diagonally across to opposite shore, and skirt the shore until nearly up to the first point above on that shore, when we cross diagonally to opposite shore to mouth of creek. We run along this

shore to first point above, when we cut diagonally across to left-hand shore again, and follow it up to a point, or until opposite a stake with cross arms upon it. We bring this stake to bear astern and steer so as to pass a marsh island, and skirt the island, giving it a berth of 150 feet until up to its point. We skirt around this point and two smaller islands until nearly opposite a spile ashore with a stake behind it. The spile and stake are on the shore and must not be confounded with other spiles, which are sometimes driven here to moor rafts to.

We bring the spile and stake on a rear range and steer toward a cluster of small islands, and then make gradual turn toward a large island on the right. We follow the shore of this island until near its end, and then cut diagonally across to shore of island opposite. We run along this shore to first point ahead. Passing this point, we then take about a South course toward the Northern point of an island about three miles ahead. We leave this island on the port hand, as also another smaller island ahead, and then follow chart course down Cumberland Sound to Fernandina, where we tie up at the wharf of the lumber yards. Here, to the majority of yachts of over four feet draught, the inside passages down the coast end.

There is an inside passage to the St. Johns River through the South Amelia River, Nassau Sound, Sawpit Creek, Gunnisons Cut and Sisters Creek, but until lately it has been rarely used by yachtsmen, as the Southern part of Sawpit, and the whole of Sisters creeks are full of shoals and oyster banks, and there was difficulty in getting a pilot to navigate them. The outside passage is much

easier and shorter; the distance from Fernandina Bar buoy to the St. Johns River buoy being only 18 miles, and if the sea is smooth, I would advise that this route be taken. There are range lights for entering and leaving the harbor, but the jetties are still in the process of construction, and the ranges cannot be relied upon. In fact one of the ranges leads directly upon one of the extensions of the jetty. The channel is, however, well buoyed out for day work.

Latterly the inside passage has become better known, and tugs bringing barges of stone from the St. Johns River make regular trips, as six feet of water can be safely carried through by taking advantage of the tides. It is a passage difficult to describe, and I would advise taking a pilot through for the first time. To many of us who are not pressed for time, the chief charm in navigating is the seeking of channels unknown to us and piloting our own boats through. Having come thus far on our route South, the sensation of touching bottom is not an unfamiliar one.

We have learned to proceed cautiously in ticklish spots, and to possess our souls in patience while waiting for the rising tide to float us off, and have wholly gotten rid of that false feeling of shame of running a vessel aground, because we see the best of pilots doing it, and not afraid of owning it. General directions can be given, which with the exercise of caution and slow navigating in ticklish places will bring one through to the St. Johns all right.

The best time to start to go through inside is about two hours after low water at Fernandina, or just at the

time that vessels commence to swing up stream in the harbor. We had reached Fernandina at noon and although by the tide tables (here let me add something which I have omitted. Send fifty cents to Washington and procure a copy of the *Tide Tables,* before starting from New York, as they will be found of the greatest use.) low water was at 12:22 p. m., yet under the influence of a strong Northwest wind which would have rendered it unfit to attempt the outside passage, the vessels did not commence to swing up stream until 2 p. m. This meant, even with the best of luck, a run up the St. Johns after dark, or a night in the creeks, should any untoward event happen; but one of the charms of sailing in these interior waters is the feeling that home is wherever night overtakes us, and that one is sure of a quiet and safe anchorage.

Some of our pleasantest recollections are those warm, balmy nights in streams encircled by rice fields and forests, sitting upon the deck, listening to the strange weird voices of a Southern night.

At two p. m. we cast off from the dock, and reaching out into midchannel, we proceed up the Amelia River on this course, passing two streams entering it, one broad one coming in from the left and a narrower one from the right. A short distance from the latter we enter Kingsland Creek, a narrow stream coming in from the left. About a mile from the entrance are two drawbridges close together, and warned by former experience, we sound the whistle vigorously and slow down long before we get to them. The flood tide runs strongly and the creek is too narrow to do much maneuvering in.

The bridge tenders are none too prompt in opening, and if it be near train time will make you wait, a difficult thing to do if you are near the bridge with the swift tide cutting you down upon it. To-day we are agreeably surprised to find both bridges opened promptly. We pass through the left-hand or Eastern draw, as the other passage of the railroad bridge is obstructed by sunken spiles, as I once found out to my sorrow.

About a half mile beyond the bridges the creek broadens out into a lagoon shape, dotted with numerous small islets. These at high water are covered, and the lagoon has the appearance of a lake. At this stage of the tide it appears to be a marsh with small streams running through it. Starting from Fernandina as we did it is now dead low water here, and the channel through the marsh is tolerably plain, but yet somewhat difficult for a stranger to determine which of the many streams to take. Upon reaching this marsh we follow right-hand bank around the turn and pass an opening on the right, until we arrive at a spot where the bank makes an abrupt turn to the right. Proceeding very slowly here, we pass this, and run toward a couple of stakes on opposite bank, making gradual turn to the right as we approach them, and attempt to pass through between the two shoals.

In doing this we touch bottom and stop, but the bottom is soft mud, and the tide has commenced to rise, and we force her through, and in a moment she is over it, we still making gradual turn to the right. About three-quarters of a mile ahead on the right-hand shore will be seen a house or barn half hidden in a fringe of woods some distance back from the shore. We steer in this

direction, heading for a stake or stakes, to which is usually fastened a boat or raft opposite the house.

Approaching these stakes, we leave them on starboard hand, taking care not to pass them, as there is a nasty shoal just beyond them, but when we are about 100 feet from them we turn to the left so that when we are opposite them we will be heading about S. E. by E. toward the Eastern marshes. Standing on this course a short distance, we gradually turn until we are heading about S. by W. toward the Western marshes, and follow these marshes around until the Northwesternmost reddish house in clump of houses on Eastern shore bears East, when we steer for it, gradually making a turn so as to run close to a wharf on shore, and follow this shore around, leaving a large island on starboard hand, to South Amelia River, entering which, we cross over to right-hand shore, and follow this down to first point on that shore, when we draw out to midstream and run down to the junction of Nassau River, a broad stream coming from the right into Nassau Sound.

We cross the mouth of this river on a S. E. by S. ½ S. course, heading for a point on its Western bank about a mile below in order to avoid a bar which is in the middle of Nassau Sound, and on which breakers will be seen if the water is at all rough. The channel lies between the breakers and the right-hand shore. We follow this shore around until we are heading about S. S. E., and then run on this course across the mouth of Sawpit Creek, which here comes into the sound from the right. We do not attempt to pass up the creek until we are well over to its Southern bank, steering in the direc-

tion of a lot of dead trees and drift wood which is on that bank, until we are well past the middle of the creek, when we turn up into it and follow right-hand bank around the next point above. This creek is a narrow one with its ebb tide flowing into Nassau Sound.

Remembering this we avoid the points below the bends and run up it about four and a half miles where it broadens out into a marsh, dotted with small islets. Upon reaching the marsh we make a turn to the right as the channel around the marsh is on the right-hand shore. After turning to the right, we turn to the left a little, and see ahead of us the entrance into Gunnisons Cut, a narrow and near straight cut, coming into the marsh in an almost North and South direction. This cut is an artificial one and joins Sawpit Creek with a small creek running into Fort George River and Sound.

At low water, through this cut and at its entrance at each end, there is only two and one-half feet of water, the rise and fall of the tide being about five feet. It is about a mile long. When we reach it, it is about half tide, and proceeding cautiously we touch bottom just before we enter. We do not attempt to drive her over this until with the sounding pole we ascertain whether we have struck an oyster bank or soft mud. Finding it mud, we push her ahead and enter the cut, which we pass through, dragging bottom all the way until we reach the creek beyond. From this point to the St. Johns River, about 10 miles, the navigation is the most difficult of any portion of the Inside Route to Florida. Both this creek and Sisters Creek leading from Fort George River to the St. Johns, is narrow, full of sharp bends and oyster

shoals, with many side streams entering. It would hardly be possible to give intelligent sailing directions without the aid of a marked chart. One must pass through it at low water in a light-draught boat, to form any conception of the numerous shoals formed by the oyster banks. The chart to be used in navigating this end of the route is No. 454 of the St. Johns River series.

The writer has passed through here twice at low water purposely to chart the shoals and has marked and numbered them on the chart. This chart and a sheet of explanations will be left on file at the Savannah Yacht Club at Thunderbolt, where any yachtsmen on their way down the coast will be welcomed to examine and make notes and copies of it, provided that he will provide himself with Chart No. 454 beforehand, as under no circumstances will it be loaned out of the club.

By the time we had passed through Gunnisons Cut, the tide had become three-quarters full, and there being plenty of water for us at this stage, we were enabled to go at full speed by slowing down around the sharp bends, and we reached the St. Johns at nearly full tide, an hour and a half after entering Gunnisons Cut. Sisters Creek enters the St. Johns River six and a half miles above its mouth, and twenty and a half miles below Jacksonville, hence we had accomplished the 80 miles between Fernandina and the St. Johns in three and three-quarter hours. The river is well beaconed and with the aid of the charts there should be no difficulty in navigating it.

The days had now grown so short, that it was dusk as we entered the river, so we set the running lights for the second time since leaving New York, and running up

the river to Jacksonville tied up at the wharf of Merrill & Stevens Shipyards at eight p. m., 92 miles from St. Simon, our starting place in the morning. We are now out of the reach of cold weather for a month to come at least, and shall spend this pleasurably and profitably in cruising the hundreds of miles of this beautiful river, and the lakes above which supply it. About two hundred miles to the Southward its head waters approach the Indian River very closely, and many owners of small boats have tried to get through to the Indian River by hauling across the intervening portage, about six miles.

I have had a number of enquiries of the feasibility of this route. Of the many who have tried it, I have known but one to succeed, and he told me that he would never repeat the experiment.

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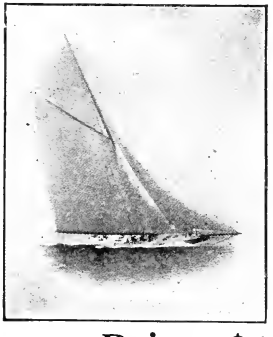

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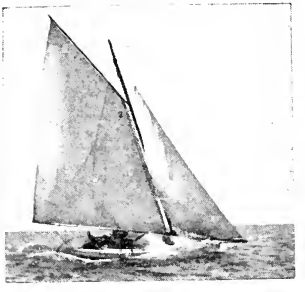

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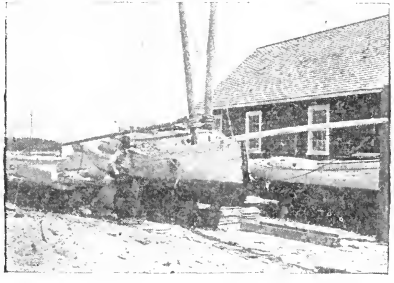

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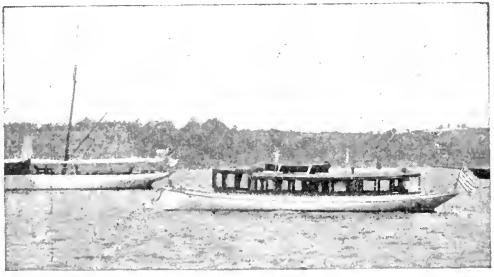

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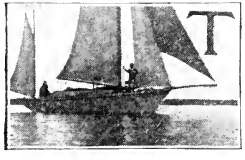

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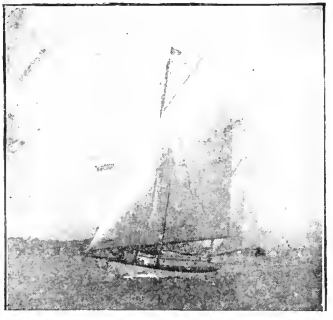

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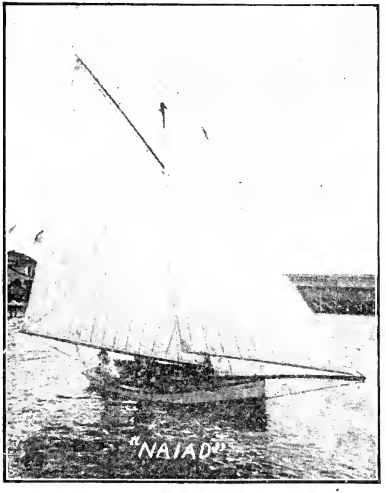

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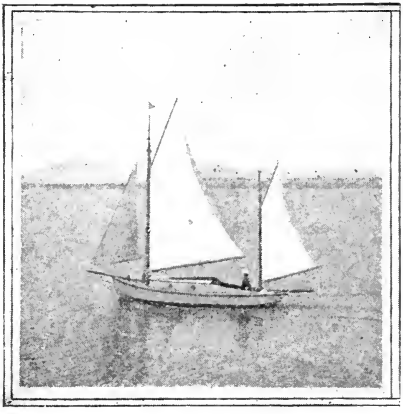

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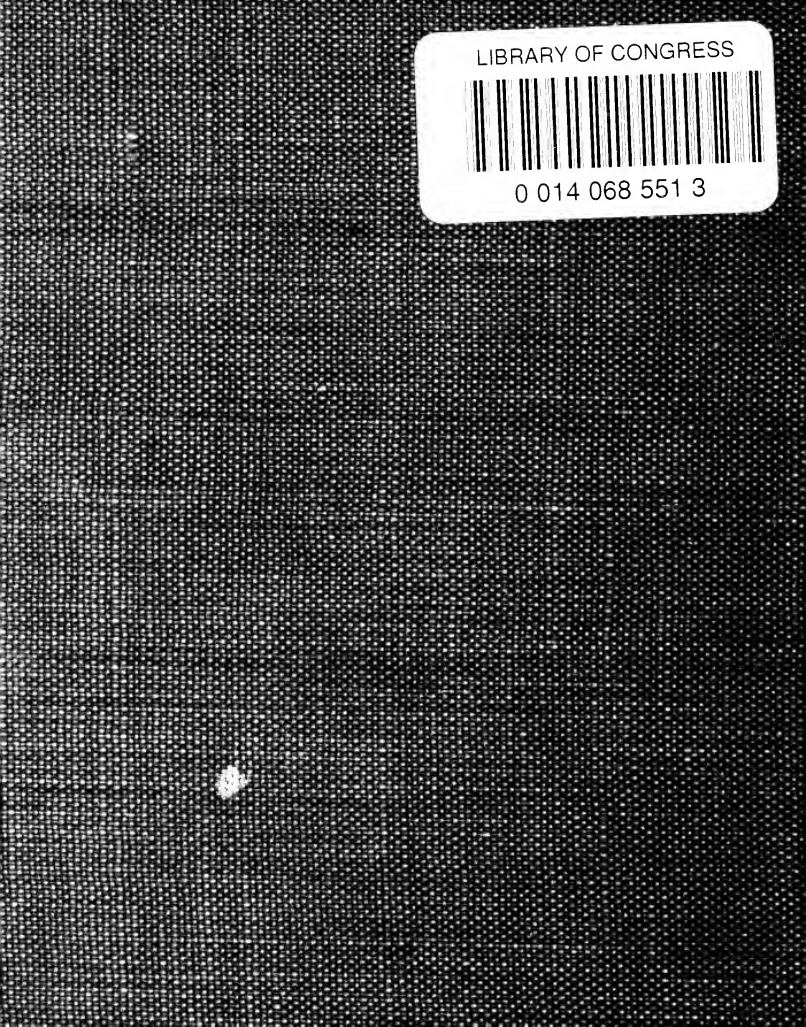
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